BRITANNIA and EVE

OCTOBER
1944

FERDINAND TUOHY
ARTHUR MILLS

C. PATRICK THOMPSON
JANE GORDON

F. MATANIA, R.I.

1/3

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Wright's *Coal Tar Soap*

BRITANNIA and EVE

VOL. 29, No. 4 OCTOBER, 1944

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All contributions intended for publication must be addressed to the Editor, "Britannia and Eve," Commonwealth House, Number One New Oxford Street, W.C.1, and be accompanied by a stamped and addressed envelope. No responsibility can be accepted for the safety of any MSS., but every effort will be made to ensure their safe return if found unsuitable. The Rates of Subscription to "Britannia and Eve" will be found on page 68. The characters in all the stories in this number are purely imaginary, and no reference or allusion is intended to any living person or persons.

The Inland Postage for this issue is 3d.

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Elderberry Pie

1 lb. elderberries (use ripe, black elderberries, stripped from stalks), 1 tablespoon golden syrup, warm water, 2 or 3 cloves, ½ lb. pastry.

Nearly fill pie dish with berries, add cloves. Sweeten with syrup. Pour over 2 or more tablespoons water according to size of pie. Cover with pastry. Bake in brisk oven till crust is browned. Then lower heat and allow fruit to simmer for a further 10 to 15 minutes.

Rose-hip and Apple Jam

1 pint rose-hips, really ripe, 2 pints boiling *water, ¾ lb. cooking apples, cooked until soft in ¼ pint of water, 2 lb. sugar.*

Wash the rose-hips and put them into 2 pints of *boiling* water. Simmer till soft. Mash with wooden spoon and strain through jelly bag, allowing it to drip overnight. Measure the juice and make it up to 1½ pints with cold water. Cook the apples in water until they are reduced to a thick pulp. Mix juice and pulp and bring to boil. Stir in sugar and when dissolved, boil rapidly until the jam sets.

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Any edible mushrooms can be used, but fully developed ones are best. Break mushrooms into pieces, put them in a bowl and sprinkle with salt about 2 oz. to each lb. mushrooms. Leave for three or four days and stir at least once daily. Place the bowl in a slow oven and cook mushrooms gently for about 1 hour, then strain off liquor. To each quart liquor add about 1 teaspoonful each of whole allspice, dried root ginger and peppercorns, and a few cloves, a little cinnamon and spice. A small onion and herbs can be used if preferred. If ground spices have to be used, add about one quarter these quantities if desired, during the original cooking. Simmer the spiced liquor till reduced to about half original quantity. Strain and bottle the sauce, while it is still hot, into warm bottles and seal at once.

FREE—3 LEAFLETS

1. **HEDGEROW HARVEST:** *containing* hints for the use of wild fruits in general, recipes for jams, jellies, spicy conserves;
2. **PICKLES AND CHUTNEYS:** *containing* many recipes, including one for Green Tomato Chutney, and another for spiced vinegar — the foundation of most pickles;
3. **THE PRESERVATION OF TOMATOES:** *containing* various simple methods of bottling the health-protecting and delicious tomato.

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PERFUME

LIPSTICK

FACE POWDER

GOYA

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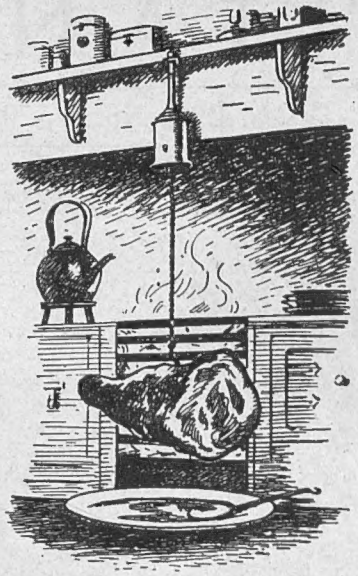

A JUICY joint hanging from a Roasting Jack recalls a former age when life was easier and rations larger. But today we have advantages denied to our forefathers—convenient ovens, fireproof dishes, aluminium pans and above all BISTO for gravy which is richer, thicker and more delicious.

ah! BISTO

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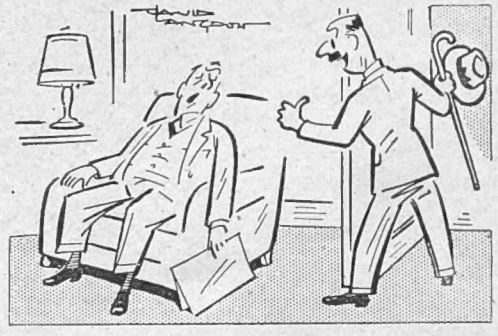

When your body stages a sit-down strike — look out! Even working at full stretch ought to leave you with enough pep for an evening stroll. That dopey feeling means that you're expecting your system to give out more energy than your meals put in. Probably you need stoking up with more fats of the right kind.

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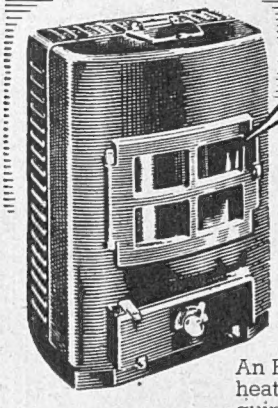

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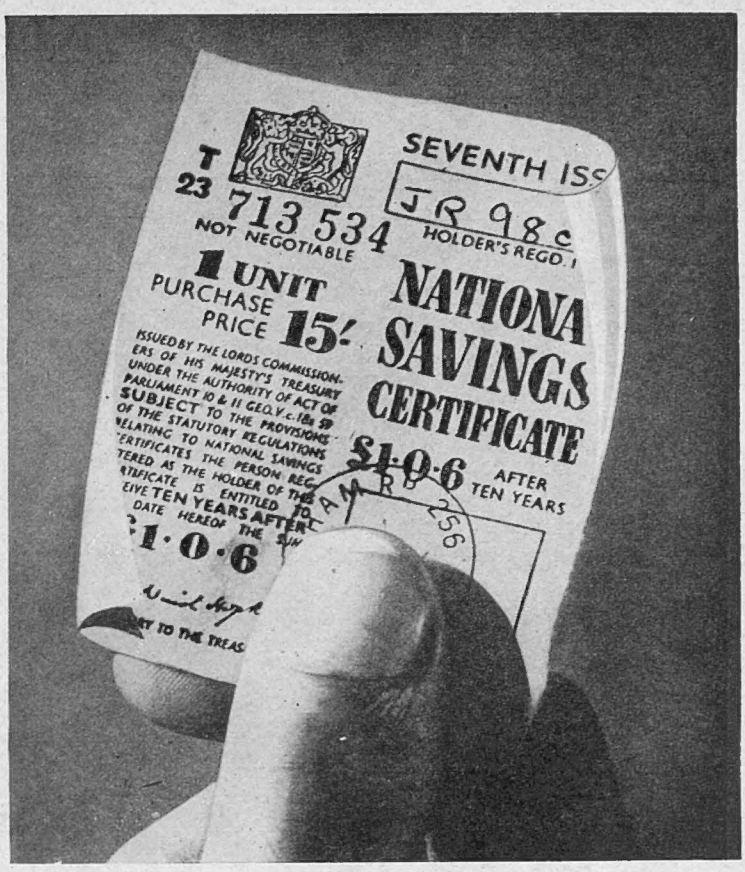
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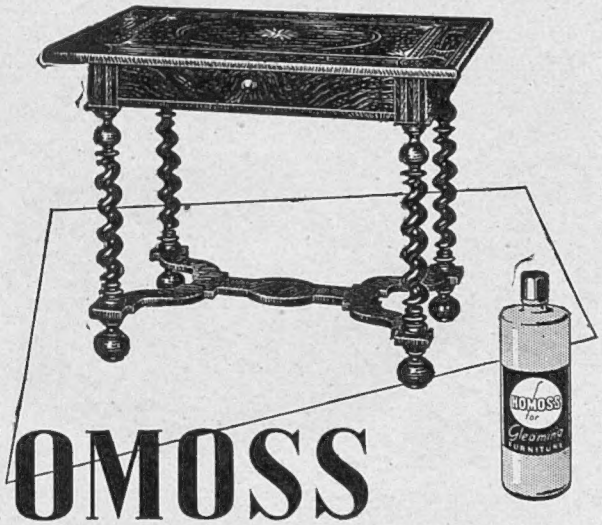

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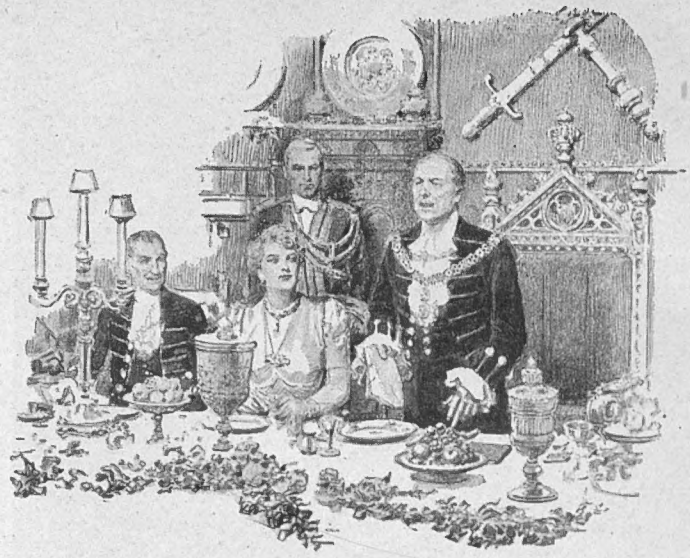

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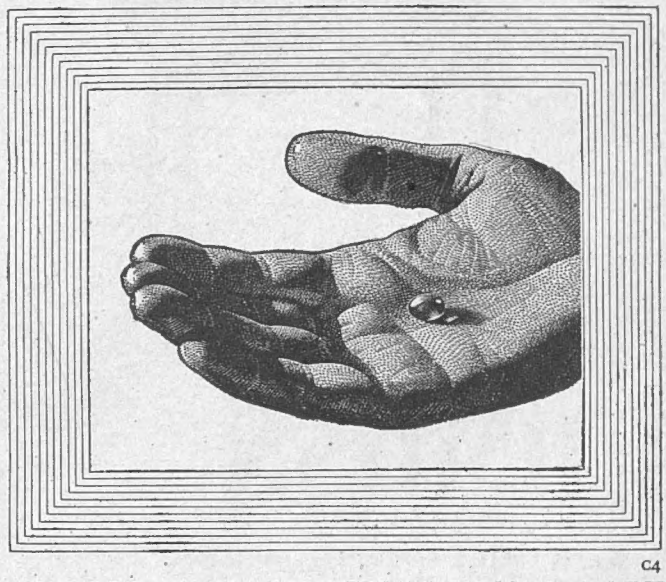

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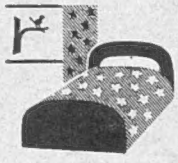

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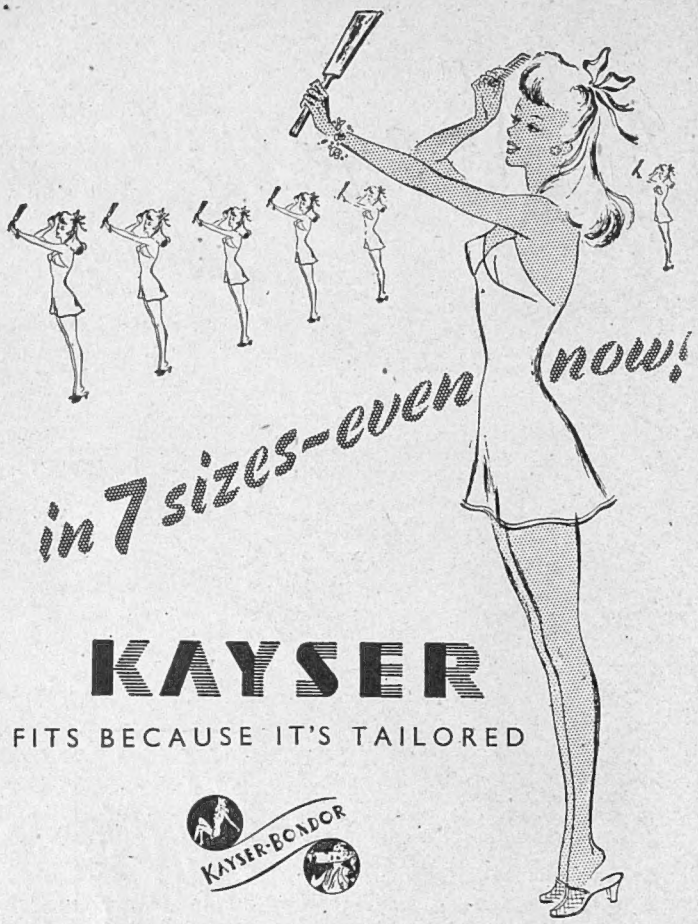

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Votrix (sweet or dry) at 8/6 the bottle, is the price of Britain's Best Vermouth.

Vine Products Ltd., cannot supply you direct so please ask your usual supplier.

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Britannia Eleve
OCTOBER 1944

The third shot was perfect. It hit the tank where its turret revolved on the hull and blew the entire turret on to the sand

Tank Alert

The Story of a Gun and its Crew

By

Kimball McIlroy

TOMMY felt towards Betsy the way he'd felt years before, on a farm back in Campbellford, about Betsy's namesake, a faithful old mare he'd driven since he was a boy. It wasn't just the way any gun sergeant felt towards his gun. It was a special affection, an affection that led him sometimes to go out at nights when the regiment wasn't in action to see that the pickets were awake and keeping a careful watch over her.

Betsy was a 25-pounder. She'd seen action in three desert campaigns, and in this, her fourth, she still showed no signs of loose shooting, poor recoil, broken stays, or any of the numerous ills overworked guns were prone to. Betsy was made of sterner stuff, like Tom himself, and took tough campaigns in her stride.

Tom watched her now with pride and satisfaction, watched his sweating gunners ramming home shell after shell, and noted her smooth and even recoil. Only occasionally did the Number Three have to put her back on line.

Somewhere over there, across the desert, the shells were coming down, forging a path for the infantry or blasting tank counter-attacks before they could get started.

There'd been rumours of a tank break-through, but Tom hadn't seen any tanks, and he wasn't putting much stock in the rumour. He even hoped that it might be true. Betsy's troop had faced a tank break-through once before and come out victorious. It had been a nasty, sharp scrap. Betsy herself had attended to three of the steel monsters with the big black crosses on their sides.

A new target came down. Tom swung the trail with the expertness of long experience, watched his layer put his eye to the sights and hands on the gears. He gave the order to load and then to fire. Flame and smoke spurted from Betsy's muzzle, mixing with sand raised by her muzzle blast. Betsy rose back in the buffer mechanism, then recoiled smoothly and swiftly to her firing position. Along the line of guns the others belched flame and smoke and sand. Across the desert someone was being pounded. Tom knelt by the trail, grinning as he gave his orders.

"Tank alert!"

TOM stood up. A mile away to the left a low-lying cloud of dust moved slowly across the desert. A chill of anticipation and excitement went through him. Tanks, so far unidentified, but moving away from the front. That could mean only one thing.

The crew made their preparations quickly but without any panic. They knew their jobs thoroughly. Ammunition was prepared and stacked close to hand. The trailer was moved out of the way.

Tom watched the approaching tanks. They were German all right. His Number Three turned and winked, licking his lips nervously, right hand on the firing lever.

Tom said, "Make every one count. They don't give second chances in this game."

The layer nodded. "Three's par for the course. Betsy's going to make it in four."

The crew had a feeling for Betsy too, partly spontaneous and partly acquired from Tom. They knew what she could do.

Half a mile away the tanks—there were eleven of them—commenced circling to come at the guns from the rear. That was standard tank tactics, neither surprising nor frightening. The troop officers had picked a position on a slight elevation, without blind spots. Tom swung the trail, keeping Betsy's muzzle a little ahead of the foremost tank.

"Here they come!"

The excited shout from his Number Four drowned out the staccato orders from the Gun Position Officer. The tanks had wheeled and were approaching the position abreast, their guns already blazing. Tom began giving his commands in low, curt tones, keeping his eyes on the tanks, waiting until they were close enough to ensure a hit on the first shot.

The gun on their left fired too soon. The crew were impatient. The round landed short.

The layer asked, without turning around, "Now, Sarge?"

Tom said, "Not yet."

Other guns were firing, but the tanks came on. Tom waited. He had his eye on the tank farthest to the right. There was something painted on its turret. It might be the commander's. He swung Betsy's muzzle.

Illustrations by Edward Osmond

The layer picked the tank up in his sights. When the tank was four hundred yards yards away Tom ordered, " Fire ! "

The cloud of dust was impenetrable for several seconds, and when it cleared the tank was spinning crazily on a broken tread. It came to a lurching stop.

" Put another one into her."

Once more Betsy spurted flame. This time Tom didn't wait for the dust to settle. Betsy's crew didn't need two shots at a standing target. Already he was swinging the trail to bring her muzzle to bear on the next tank in line.

The other guns were having luck, too. A second tank was burning and a third, damaged, had turned and was fleeing to the rear.

" Hull down, Sarge."

The Number Four pointed. On a flank one of the tanks had found a dune and stopped behind it with only its turret and gun showing. Hull down and stationary, it could fire accurately while itself presenting an almost impossible target. Tom swung on to it.

" Take your time," he told the layer.

The tank's gun roared. There was a deafening explosion and sand rained down over Betsy and her crew. Tom looked. The next gun had received a direct hit. He turned away, swearing quietly.

" Let him have it ! "

The layer yanked the firing lever. Dust flew from the dune inches away from the protruding turret, but Tom knew they 'd missed. He ordered a small switch.

The tank's gun blazed again. Another hit, this time on the third gun. The remaining tanks were circling in, firing as they came.

" This one 's got to do it."

The layer moved his face away from the sights and pulled the firing lever. Tom strained his eyes. There was no flying sand this time, not even smoke as the solid armour-piercing shot drilled into the hull-down tank's turret. But its gun swung abruptly towards the sky and stayed in that position.

" That 's two for Betsy, Sarge," the layer shouted over his shoulder.

Tom was too busy to exult. There were only two guns left in the troop, and the tanks by now had the position completely encircled. Betsy was firing as fast as they could load her. From time to time Tom glanced at the horizon, looking for the British tanks that should be coming to their assistance, but nowhere was there the tell-tale, slow-moving cloud of dust.

Their ammunition was almost expended. During a lull Tom sent two of his crew to the next gun. They wouldn't need ammunition there any longer. The Gun Position Officer came up to them megaphone in hand. He was exhausted, slightly wounded, but game.

" How many rounds left, Sergeant ? "

Tom made a quick count. " Ten percussion and five high explosive, sir."

" Keep two rounds of H.E. in reserve. Don't fire them under any circumstances."

" Yes, sir."

The tanks were coming at them again. There were only six of them now, but the troop was reduced to two guns. Tom waited grimly, watching their meagre supply of ammunition dwindling, urging his layer, as if urging were necessary, not to waste a round. Another tank went out.

" Percussion expended," the Number Four reported.

" Use H.E., three rounds." Tom swung the trail. The layer pulled the firing lever and Betsy recoiled deep in her cradle. Short by twenty yards. Tom ordered more elevation. Long by twenty.

The third shot was perfect. It hit the tank where its turret revolved on

There was a deafening explosion and sand rained down over Betsy and her crew. Tom looked The next gun had received a direct hit. He turned away, swearing quietly. "Let him have it!" The layer yanked the firing lever

the hull and blew the entire turret on to the sand.

The Number Four picked up one of their two remaining rounds and glanced expectantly at Tom. Tom shook his head. They had their orders. He looked at the other gun. Its crew, too, knelt motionless with two rounds of H.E. left.

Incredibly, the four remaining tanks were withdrawing, scuttling away out of range. The layer sat back in his seat and rubbed his ears.

"They 're pulling out," the Number Five shouted happily. "They 've had enough."

Tom watched the tanks. Half a mile away they turned in behind a large dune and stopped out of sight. The Gun Position Officer came up.

"The tanks will be back," he said. "They know we 're out of ammunition."

Tom nodded silently.

"You 've been instructed how to destroy your gun, Sergeant?"

Tom had known all along why they had been ordered to save two rounds of H.E. Guns were too valuable to be allowed to fall intact into enemy hands. When it became impossible to continue to shoot a gun or to save it in any other way it had to be destroyed. One round was placed in the muzzle. Another was loaded into the breech and fired from a safe distance. A gun so destroyed was out of action permanently and for ever.

Tom glanced at Betsy. "Yes, sir," he said.

"If the tanks come back you will destroy your gun."

The crew were watching Tom, waiting for some word. Tom didn't look at them.

"Get ready to carry out your orders," he said.

He stood up and looked out across the desert. Behind the dune a haze of blue smoke appeared as the tanks started their engines again. Farther away and to the south there was another, larger cloud. Tom saw it and then looked back to where the tanks were just emerging from their hiding place.

"Put one round in the breech." The Number Four silently obeyed. The breech clanged shut. Tom walked up and elbowed the layer off the seat.

"Get me a length of rope to fasten to the firing lever," he said, and to the Number Four, "Put that last round into the muzzle."

The tanks were approaching, moving fast and in line. Quickly Tom depressed the gun. The Number Four picked up the last shell and started around the shield. Tom put his eye to the sights.

"Look out!"

The Number Four started, tripped and fell. Simultaneously Tom pulled the firing lever.

It had been almost a year since he had sat in the layer's seat and fired old Betsy. He had forgotten the thrill of seeing her barrel slide smoothly back against the buffer, of feeling it jump forward into position like a thing alive. Smiling, he peered into the sight telescope.

Split squarely by the crosshairs, framed in the eyepiece, the nearest German tank was a roaring fire at the base of a column of black smoke. Tom looked over the shield.

The three remaining tanks had wheeled uncertainly at the unexpected shot, and as they turned it was evident that they saw for the first time the fast-approaching cloud of dust on the horizon, for they continued to wheel, and then started out at top speed across the sand.

Tom climbed off the layer's seat to face a tense, grim-jawed Gun Position Officer.

"You deliberately disobeyed my order, Sergeant."

"No, sir," Tom said, leaning back so that he could rest his hands on Betsy's hot breech. "It was an accident."

"It will mean a court-martial, Sergeant." A trace of a grin crossed the Gun Position Officer's stern features. "Of course, there are mitigating circumstances."

"It was an accident," Tom insisted. "My Number Four tripped and fell as he was going to load the round into the muzzle."

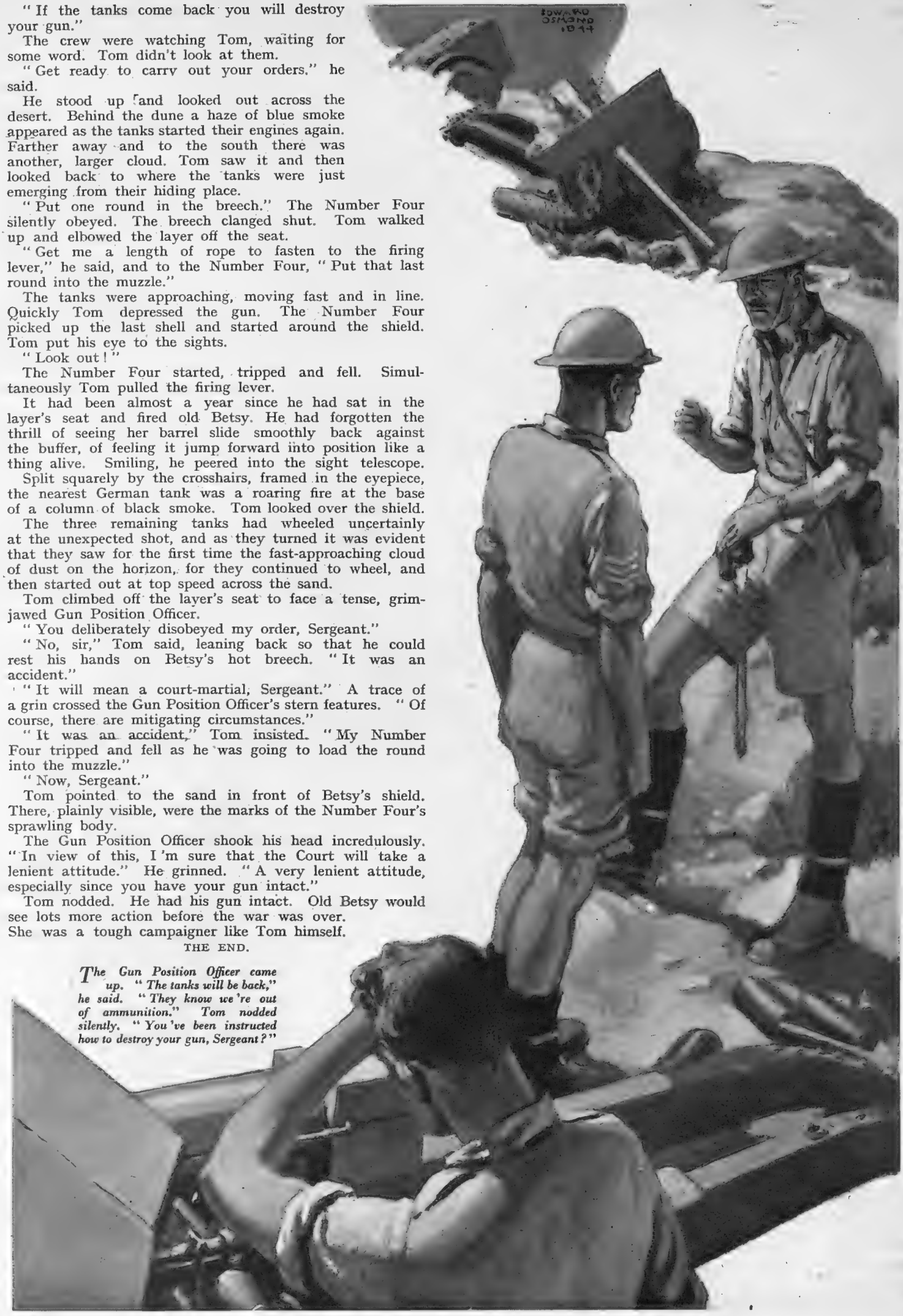
"Now, Sergeant."

Tom pointed to the sand in front of Betsy's shield. There, plainly visible, were the marks of the Number Four's sprawling body.

The Gun Position Officer shook his head incredulously. "In view of this, I'm sure that the Court will take a lenient attitude." He grinned. "A very lenient attitude, especially since you have your gun intact."

Tom nodded. He had his gun intact. Old Betsy would see lots more action before the war was over. She was a tough campaigner like Tom himself.

THE END.



The Gun Position Officer came up. "The tanks will be back," he said. "They know we're out of ammunition." Tom nodded silently. "You've been instructed how to destroy your gun, Sergeant?"

Hostages of the Nazis

By Ferdinand Tuohy

The Nazis have denuded the Occupied Countries of Men and Women of Brains and Influence who, if Left Alive and Free when the Germans pulled out, might be expected to aid sensibly in the Rehabilitation of their respective Lands

King Leopold of the Belgians, whom Hitler has deported to Germany together with his wife and the four royal children

(On right) King Leopold's second wife (née Mlle Mary Lelia Baels) with Prince Badouin

I HAVE to chance the war being over by the time this article appears. I have got to chance the subject with which it treats being over too: solved. I sincerely hope it will be. But, Nazis being what they are, I very much doubt it.

Let us face an unfortunate fact. For longer than you or I should care to remember, it has been the habit in these wise isles to debate on the rooftops what we'll do with the Nazi high-ups when they fall into our hands. There's never been a call to discretion that I have heard. Even the most forgiving divine has agreed that execution after trial is all the party chiefs can ever hope for. As for the average person, the fashion is to proclaim one's intention of doing about everything to the Nazis, from boiling them in oil to sending them to Siberia for keeps. Well, in the long run, and after having made up their minds that we really did mean to do something serious to them if we could, the Nazi high-ups took the most obvious precaution in the world.

For months past, and without drawing attention to what they've been doing, Himmler's cohorts have conducted back to Germany the pick of citizens of the occupied countries. I could have written "élite," but that sounds snobbish and class-conscious. And there is little of either about this story. The Nazis have simply been denuding all save the vassal and neutral Continent, of men and women of brains and influence who, if left alive and free when the Germans pulled out, might be expected to aid sensibly in the rehabilitation of their respective lands according to their divers attainments or the positions they'd reached.

This would serve a double purpose. The much-needed ones could be held as bargaining counters against the personal safety of the considerable number composing the Nazi hierarchy. And if the Allies refused to play ball in that line, well, the extinction of these thousands of hub citizens of several lands would tally with long-term German policy of keeping neighbours as weak and characterless as possible should Germany have to go under; since, that way, Germany could rise again the quicker. The worst of it is that nobody knows who has been taken away.

It will not be until full liberation that anything like accurate lists can be made out. As a case in point, King Leopold's removal was not known for three months—the taking of a monarch as hostage! Any one enjoying the least distinction, if only in his village or street, is liable to be spirited away, the fatal time being just before sunrise.

CARDINAL HLOND
The leading religious hostage in German hands in Poland

LEON JOUHAUX
Former French labour leader held by the Germans as hostage

ALBERT SARRAUT
A pre-1939 French Premier who has been held by the Germans

PAUL REYNAUD
French Premier in 1940, taken into Germany as a captive hostage

FOR a good idea of what has been happening, take the case of Holland. The process began in March last, when many politicians of the Catholic, Conservative and Socialist parties were taken off to the Reich. One may be inclined to josh that it's good riddance to the average professional politico, yet quite a few of these Dutch hostages chanced to be other things besides, more useful things like scientists and doctors, scholars and business heads, intellectuals of one sort or another, not excluding the honest-to-goodness artist—using the term in its englobing significance.

The accent has been principally on the intellectuals, the ones who keep the mind of a people alive. The Nazis want dead neighbouring minds and so they drew up a list of 20,000 intellectuals for little Holland alone, every one from famous author down to little schoolmarm, and they are being progressively drained away from Dutch life, maybe never to return. How many have as yet been deported is not known, but the whole 20,000 are apparently booked to be taken off as hostages in the event of the Germans having to withdraw to the Reich.

Apply that Dutch picture to Norway, Belgium, Poland, Czechoslovakia, Denmark, Greece, Jugoslavia, France, and you get a fair idea of this last Nazi hostage crime. And Himmler is not stopping at occupied countries. He is also raking in pivotal personages of whom he's not sure, from Austria, Hungary, Mussolini's Italy, and even from Germany itself. Thousands of prominent Germans, men, women, and their children, are being held against another rising against Hitler. If it happens, they will be killed, whether they are the biggest industrialists or bankers in the land. Schacht and Neurath are typical of these German hostages being held.

Still, that is the Germans' own affair. We are more concerned with this sort of thing: "Hostages, usually intellectuals, are being taken from continental prisons and concentration camps and assembled in special areas guarded by Gestapo men. With these hapless ones Himmler intends to bargain when all else is lost. A safe conduct to a neutral State for himself and his friends, or wholesale murder will (*Continued on page* 64)

Britain's Biggest

MR. W. S. MORRISON, M.P.
who is in charge of Town and Country Planning

LORD PORTAL
Minister of Works

These men are the Big Four in charge of the colossal rebuilding job facing the country

LORD WOOLTON
who, with the aid of a first-class team, handles Reconstruction

MR. H. U. WILLINK, M.P.
who succeeded Mr. Ernest Brown earlier this year as Minister of Health

IT was in the spring of 1955.

The American hopped out of the transatlantic express at the Southampton airport, changed to the London air local. Nearing the capital he noticed that the southern fringe, which had been a shapeless sprawl last time he saw it, from the window of a Fortress in '44, now made a symmetrical pattern. But he saw gaps, some almost as big as the old blitzed areas of eleven years ago.

"What are they doing down there?" he asked his British neighbour. "It looks like building, but surely they've finished that now?"

"Finished?" answered his neighbour. "They're only just getting into their stride. Come back in A.D. 2000. They ought to have made quite a job of it by then."

This determination of Britain's rulers to "make a job of it" is the big rebuilding-of-Britain story. Looking at the phenomenon piecemeal is apt to puzzle the observer who has no knowledge of the existence of a master plan. He sees a ten-year building programme which doesn't really start until two years after the war ends. An emergency programme of a quarter-million steel-shell houses to cost £275,000,000. Four Ministries, no fewer —Reconstruction, Health, Works and Building, and Town and Country Planning—all with a finger in the pie. And apparently interminable public debates and private rows before a brick has been laid, or a bishop has blessed a building site.

But these are close-up views. Step back, and up, and take a bird's-eye view of England. It spreads under your eye as a little country (it could be contained 135 times in Russia), but the world's most urban country. Four-fifths of the forty-one million people live in towns. They live 766 to the square mile (Americans live forty-three to the square mile).

About one in four of all the houses have now been damaged by enemy bombs. Three million families live in houses hastily repaired after bombing. Apart from this war damage, hundreds of thousands of houses are decaying or have decayed into a condition where but for the war they would be condemned. Around half a million families now live in slums. Up to the war, annually 350,000 new dwellings were being built, and 60,000 slum dwellings demolished. This all stopped in September, 1939. To-day it is reckoned that the nation is short of four million houses.

It is also short of other items, such as open spaces, modern schools, hospitals and civic centres, motor roads, electrification, sewers, and a few other things which go to make up the modern community and its normal facilities.

Forty per cent of Hull's houses have neither bath nor hot water. And Hull's story is the story of most of Britain's towns, from the Big Six—London, Birmingham, Liverpool, Manchester, Sheffield and Leeds, running from eight million population down to half a million—to Plymouth and Portsmouth, cities between the 200,000 and 300,000 population mark.

There are then the rural districts—"the country." That term in England means 11,186 parishes, and around 60,000 field

(On right)
PLAN FOR THE NEW CITY OF LONDON

The illustration shows the northern arm of suggested ring route to carry through traffic. The ring route is shown starting at Holborn Circus on right, passing St. John Street and Charterhouse Square to Aldersgate. Blackfriars Bridge is in the background. This drawing is by J. D. M. Harvey, in conjunction with Mr. F. J. Forty, City Engineer

Job

The Post-war Problem Of Building And Replanning

By C. Patrick Thompson

workers living in them. When war began, 3,432 of those parishes had no piped water, and 5,186 had no sewage system.

Britain, in short, needed building and rebuilding on a major scale before the first Luftwaffe bomber took off with the first can of T.N.T. to drop on a British town. Only the job was so enormous, so complex, it contained so many headaches and political landmines and boobytraps, that neither government nor people could face up to action on it.

I have some of the evidence on my desk. It is a three-foot stack of reports, charts, maps, and architectural drawings. These comprise data on the rebuilding plans of only a dozen cities. And there are 110 cities and towns in England and Wales with a population running over 50,000. This excludes scores of smaller, blitzed towns, like Bath with 70,000 people, Worcester with 50,000, and Canterbury, with only 25,000, but one of England's four eleventh-century cathedrals, the other thirty-seven dating from the twelfth to the seventeenth (St. Paul's), eighteenth (Birmingham), and twentieth (Liverpool) centuries.

Most of these towns and cities trace back 500-2,000 years to an old village. London itself, covering 450,000 acres, is a fusion of villages. The villages had coherence; the old towns had shape and symmetry. Then the machine replaced hand labour, and the tissue of old towns ran wild. You can see it on the maps as sprawling growths, cancers of the city's body. The coming of the motor produced new and wilder cancers.

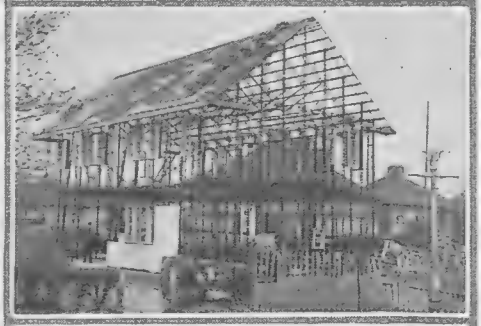
Our children, living in towns restored to balanced proportions, will see the cure as a clean-cut process, the common-sense procedure of the scientific medical man: "First diagnose—then treat." The city doctors have translated that as: "First survey—then plan." It sounds simple, but it had never been done before.

Hull illustrates the way the lop-sided, bomb-wounded cities of to-day are being handled for transformation into the healthy new cities of to-morrow. Hull—Wyke-upon-Hull until Edward I changed its name in the thirteenth century—was incorporated as a town in 1440, made a county borough in 1888, and is run by a lord mayor, twenty-nine aldermen, and sixty-three councillors. It is Britain's first fishing port and third general port, the world's biggest centre of the seed-crushing and oil-extracting industry, a chief flour-milling centre, and important in the manufacture of a score of things, from ships and surgical dressings to power alcohol and radiators. It also has the Tarran works, the biggest wood-working plant in England. Around 350,000 people live on its 13,392 acres.

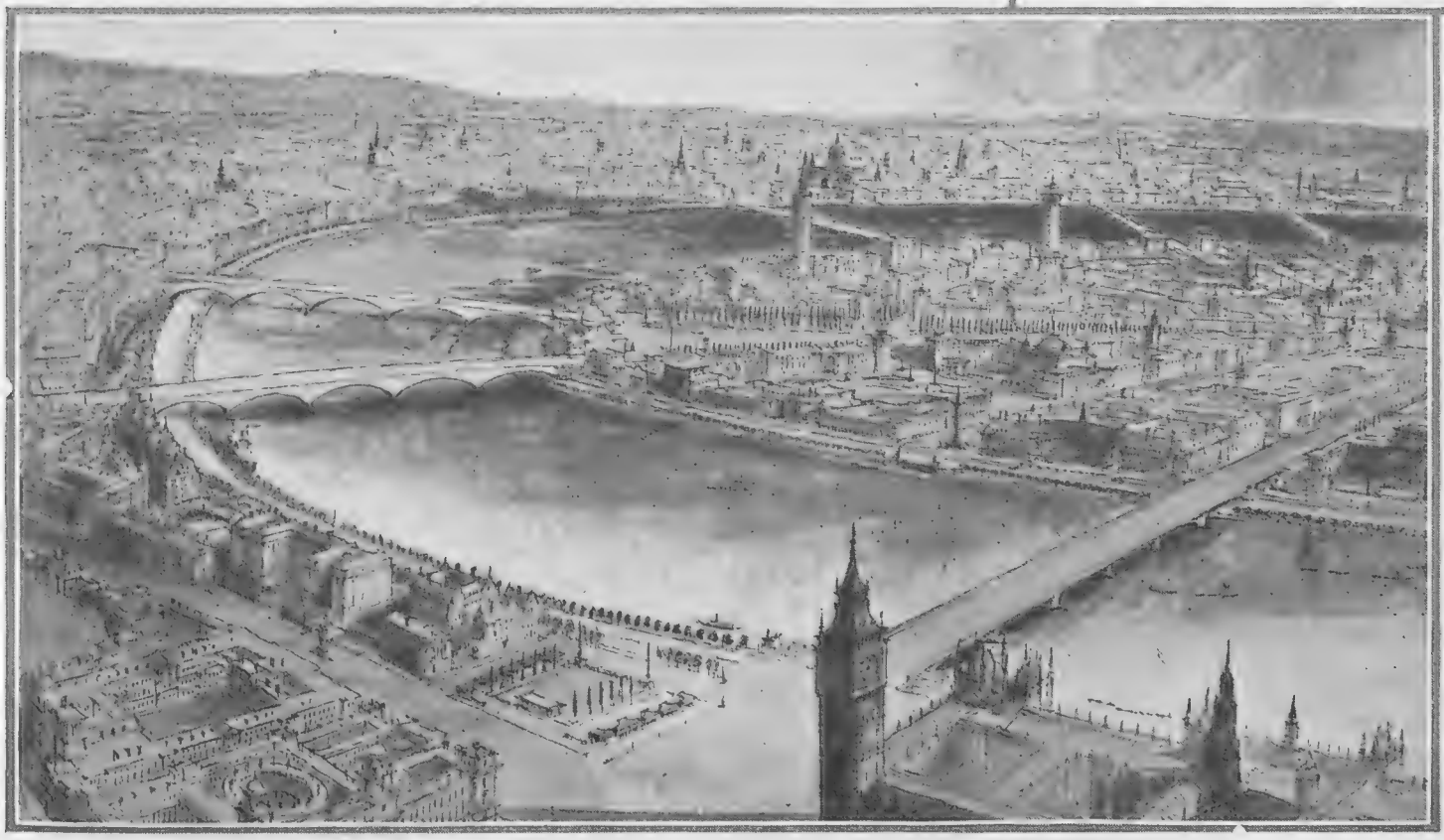
The Luftwaffe knocked Hull sideways in one of the biggest of the early blitzes. The city fathers began their rebuilding job by gathering a group which included architects, a (*Continued on page* 68)

A view of the Portal prefabricated steel house. It consists of living-room, two bedrooms, kitchen, bathroom, w.c. and shed

One of the two bedrooms of the Portal prefabricated house



Birmingham plans experimental houses of light steel frame within which a permanent house interior can be constructed



(Below)
THE LONDON OF THE FUTURE. *What the Royal Academy have planned for the city after the war. This is a reproduction of one of the drawings exhibited at Burlington House in 1942. It shows the south side of the river, as seen from above Westminster Bridge. To this part of London the Royal Academy Planning Committee have paid great attention. Embankments and gardens are carried along both sides of the Thames; broad boulevards take the place of the present traffic-congested streets; and open spaces allowing wide vistas are envisaged. This scheme would enhance the beauty of the capital enormously*

Smallholder

You Can't Make a Living off Four Acres, but you can Live for Almost Nothing

By Arthur Mills

WE are nearing our third autumn as smallholders. So many people have said that they would like to do just what we are doing, that some account of what the life is like may be of interest. The best picture of a professional smallholder is given by that able farmer-broadcaster Mr. Ralph Wightman:

> "Finally comes the smallholder with his capital of something under £1,000. These men and their wives put in incredible hours of labour for an income which is well below what they could earn as employees on a big farm. They are as near a peasantry as anything we have in England. They are the backbone of agriculture."

The life of the amateur smallholder is less hard. I should describe it as a way by which people with an income of £150 to £200 a year could lead an outdoor life, feed themselves very well, and make a little pocket money.

There is another aspect. Though there is an acute housing shortage, there are, at the time of writing, a fair number of small holdings on the market. I say this judging by our local paper in which one or more cottages and holdings are advertised for sale by auction every week. Recently a small holding near here, consisting of a five-roomed cottage, well water and oil lamps, eight acres of land including an orchard, was sold at auction for £1,250. Our own holding, a similar cottage and four acres of land, cost proportionately less.

I am talking of genuine small holdings —the homes of the British peasantry. A modernized cottage near here, with two acres of land, was priced at £2,500 and has since, I believe, been sold. If you buy a place like ours, you have first to get done what you can by a builder with the permission of the Ministry of Works, then do the rest yourself, put up fencing, paint guttering, and mix and spread concrete till the sweat pours off you.

Our cottage stands on a hill looking down over the village, which we called a cinema village when we first saw it, for there were roses everywhere growing on the walls of the cottages, some red tiled, others thatched. The moor lies beyond, in summer a rich feeding ground, in winter a morass.

Our neighbour on one side is Farmer B who, with his son Ron, farms a hundred acres, on which they run forty head of cattle, including an average of twelve cows in milk. They also grow wheat, oats, beans, and roots. This is a rich milk-yielding country—Devonshire cream used to come from just over the border—and the farmers get by as well as any dairy farmers can, who have had to plough up a good part of their pastures. Besides the farmers in the 100-acre class, there are a great number of smallholders. Many of these farm their small holdings in addition to other work and since small holding is in itself a whole-time job, they solve the labour question by helping each other when there is hay to be carried or a field of wheat to be got in.

Jimmy B, Farmer B's cousin, is our neighbour on the other side: he has a couple of acres up here and more land farther out. He came over to get in our little bit of hay, and I went over to help him get in his.

Hay is a vital problem for the smallholder who keeps a beast or two. Our stock consists of a young thoroughbred mare, bought very cheaply by my wife and from which she hopes to breed, and Minnie, our cow, which has bred two calves. They have eaten between them seven tons of hay in two winters. At £12 a ton this hay would have been dear to buy, but we made our own until this year, when we were only able to carry enough to feed them for six weeks. It looks as though it is going to take the whole of my milk cheque to buy hay to keep the animals alive; neither is the type of animal that would eat oat and barley straw with any relish. I shall have to get Farmer B's advice; he has taught me the little I know.

"If 'ee get that side of her she'll kick 'ee," he said when he saw me setting down the milking stool the first time I was going to milk Minnie in the open. I don't know why cows don't like being milked on the left; they let the calf come on that side.

Minnie was a good buy, as a Dairy Shorthorn heifer with calf, at £35. During twenty months, allowing a three months' interval when she was having her second calf, she has given the household £50 worth of milk, and I am also drawing a milk cheque of about £5 a month. We should never have got by as cow keepers without Farmer B (*Continued on page* 56)

The Turret

The Story of a Sailor's Reactions to his First Time in Action

By Edward Cranston

IT was hot in the sixteen-inch gun turret, and the crew were all stripped to the waist. There was an atmosphere of uneasy calm like the interval between a flash of lightning and the distant roll of thunder. Four men were playing cards, using the sightsetter's stool as a table; the cards kept on slithering to the steel deck as the ship rolled, and the players would curse as they stooped to pick them up; and then begin all over again. The gunlayer of the right gun was flicking over the pages of a highly coloured American magazine; every now and then his eyes would leave the rows of scantily clad beauties and gaze suspiciously at the breech of his gun, as if he suspected some one of tampering with its perfection while his attention was elsewhere. His opposite number on the left gun was balancing a writing pad on his knee, and sucking at a much-bitten pencil; he was striving to compose a letter to his mother-in-law, a duty which he always reserved for working hours, since he did not consider it worth while wasting his spare time on it. The loading numbers were grouped together behind the guns, engaged in a heated argument about the respective merits of Tottenham Hotspur and Sheffield Wednesday. Above them all, perched on his stool in the gunhouse, the turret officer watched over his flock like some benevolent god, and hummed the toreador song under his breath.

Ordinary Seaman Jones crouched on his haunches a little apart from the other loading numbers and stared into space. His mind was empty of conscious thought, and he was afraid. Not physically afraid but with the same feeling that he always experienced before he went to the dentist; a sort of nameless dread of the future which made the palms of his hands wet and the roof of his mouth dry. He had never been in action before. A low pitched hum broke from the loudspeaker, followed by the wail of the bos'n's pipe.

HE forced his eyes open and saw the Chief standing beside him, holding him upright

"Quiet, everybody!" said the turret officer.

"This is the captain speaking," announced the loudspeaker. "I just want to tell you that we shall probably sight the enemy within the next hour. When we sight him we shall proceed to sink him. Good luck to you all and good shooting!"

There was a moment's silence and then the pipe again.

"On action clothing!"

"Full speed!" added the turret officer.

Shirts appeared out of nowhere, overalls were buttoned up round the neck, anti-flash hoods and gloves materialized from space. In less than a minute the crew had transformed themselves from the appearance of lounging sunbathers, into men of action, shrouded from head to foot against the danger of flash burns. As their clothes changed, so their mood seemed to alter.

There was a grim purpose about the way they checked the settings, an underlying tension in their quiet precise movements. The cards disappeared, the magazine and the writing pad were stuffed into convenient overall pockets. Ordinary Seaman Jones waited behind the loading tray, teetering slightly on the soles of his feet, poised and balanced like a boxer listening for the gong. He was still afraid and there was a sick feeling in his stomach, but mingled with the fear there was excitement and something of bravado. It reminded him of the Rugby ground outside the gymnasium at school, and the final anxious minute before the referee blew his whistle for the kick-off. He laughed nervously.

"All set, Jones?"

The chief petty officer, who was captain of the turret, slapped him on the back, and breathed heavily down his neck.

"All set, Chief," he answered. He thought his voice sounded unnaturally high-pitched, and was angry because he had revealed something of what he felt.

"Good lad!" muttered the Chief. "You'll be fine when we're started. I know how you feel—don't worry!"

He knew all right. There was probably no one in the world who knew better. His thoughts flashed back across the years to a day in 1916, and he saw himself as a young man, stiff and awkward in his new clothes, with the tight jumper and blue jean collar and the wide trousers. It had been a great day, a great victory, but first there had been the fear and the uncertainty, and the waiting, and he had not forgotten them.

The loudspeaker came to life once more.

"Padre speaking. We should sight the enemy at any moment now. That is all!"

It was the padre's self-appointed job to broadcast a running commentary during action. By virtue of his cloth he was not permitted to take an active part as a combatant, and so he had asked the captain if he might broadcast such news of the battle as the latter thought fit.

Both guns in the turret were loaded and their crews stood silently grouped around them, waiting for the next order. Ordinary Seaman Jones rested his hand lightly on the cordite charge, which would soon be swung into the loading tray when the first round had been fired. Only the steady hum of the pumps disturbed the stillness. Jones glanced round him at the quiet figures; it would never do to show any trace of nervousness now; although he was acutely conscious of the fact that he alone amongst all these others in the turret had never before fought his gun in real action. He caught the Chief's eye and grinned nervously. He mustn't let the Chief down . . .

"Broadsides!" shouted the communication number.

The number twos of each gun closed the interceptors with a quick jerk of their right hands.

"Right gun ready!"

"Left gun ready!"

Up in the director control tower a row of lamps flashed in front of the control officer. All turrets were ready. In a second or two he would give the order to shoot; and the director layer, sitting slightly below and in front of him, would press the trigger which would send the first mighty broadside hurtling on its way.

Ordinary Seaman Jones had experienced this moment many times whilst at gun drill. The "Gun ready" cry echoed in his ears as he stood motionless, waiting to lift the next charge. This was always the most anxious time of all. The brief seconds which seemed like hours between the clicking of the interceptors and the gun firing. In the practice shoots it hadn't seemed to matter so much. Now they were everything; the whole of time was compressed into those few moments. Jones could feel his hands grow clammy and moist on the cordite case. Supposing there were an accident; supposing the gun misfired; supposing the enemy fired first and they were hit . . .

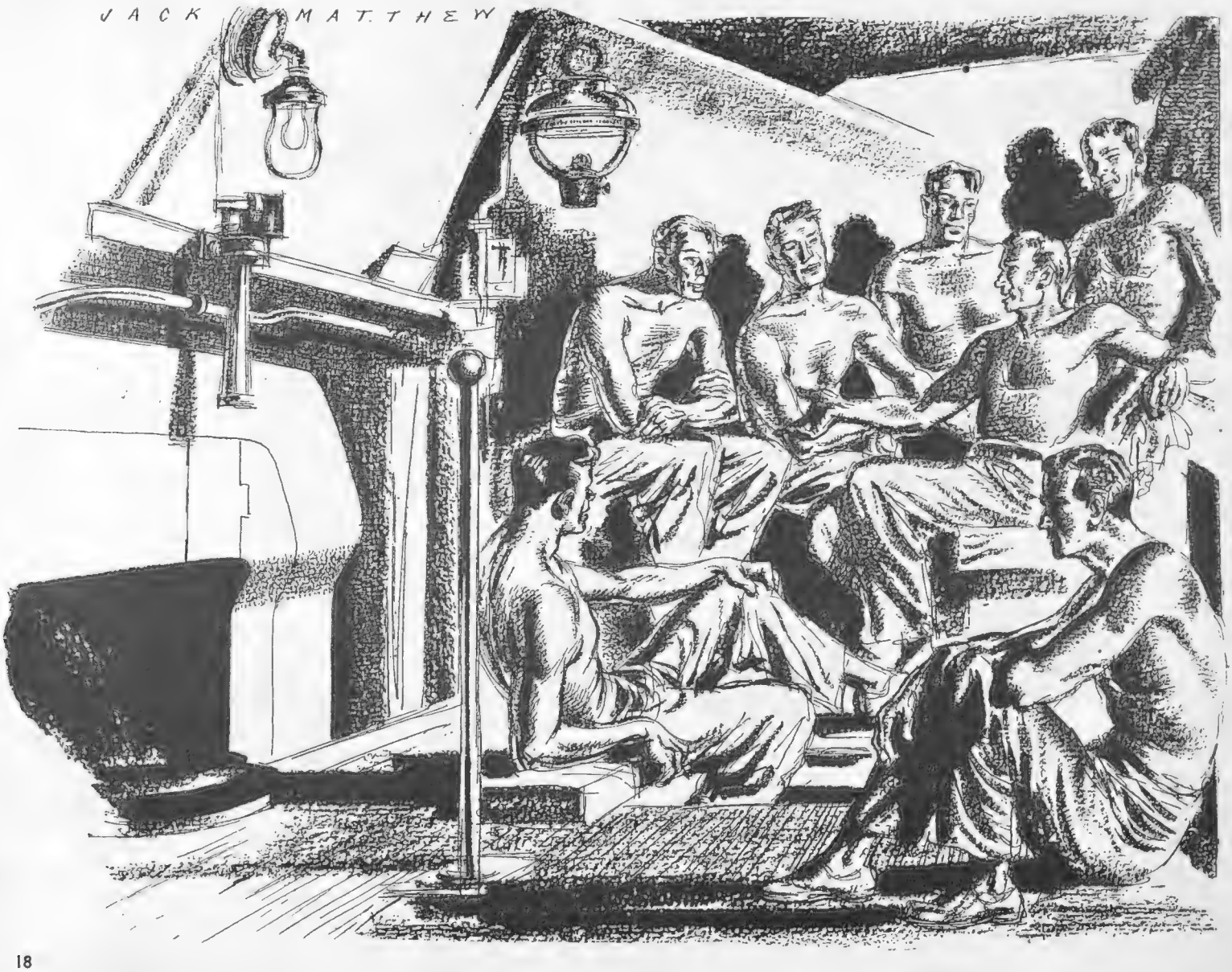
In the director tower the gunnery officer pressed his eyes hard against his binoculars and spoke quietly and clearly.

"Shoot!"

The director layer, his sights on the bridge of the first of the two enemy battleships, contracted the fingers of his right hand.

There was very little noise in the turret. It was more like a muffled thud and then the big guns slid back and the breeches were thrown open. Without knowing what he was doing, Jones swung the cordite upwards and forwards into the tray, and now the tray had been pushed across and the shell and charge rammed home. As he stepped back and gripped the next charge he was surprised to find that he was panting, not so much from exertion as with the release from tension, the sudden blessed realization that they had started and that it was no more difficult, no more dangerous than a practice. He began to feel very detached from the outside world here in his steel turret. They were working as a team now, a team trained to the final hair's breadth of perfection. The Chief was here, there and everywhere, never in the way, always on the spot where he was most needed. The turret officer shouted alternate orders and encouragement. Another broadside was fired—and then another and another. . . . Jones was beginning to feel quite happy, as if he had been doing this sort of thing all his life. He laughed softly as he worked because of the sheer exhilaration and excitement. He had forgotten the enemy, forgotten the other turrets, forgotten even the other gun in this one; his own turret; there was nothing in the world except the loading tray and the great gleaming breech of the gun and the rhythm of his body as he loaded the cordite charges. He was happy, with the semi-hysterical happiness of a man who has been afraid and has conquered his fear.

And then suddenly the fear returned. His knees went weak and his stomach seemed to turn over and in his mouth was the hard, bitter taste of bile. It must have been a very near miss. He had heard the shell quite distinctly, its shrieking whine gradually rising to a crescendo, louder



than all the other noises in the turret. And suddenly the whine had stopped and he had waited for the explosion but there was only a dull plosh in the water and the ship had heeled over sharply.

"Steady, boys!" said the Chief.

They were firing as rapidly as possible now. The turret was thick with the cordite fumes and the men were sweating in their heavy clothing.

The loudspeaker clicked.

"Two hits have been observed on the first enemy battleship. The other one is firing back at us but we are getting her range. Our destroyers are unharmed. One of theirs has been sunk."

His voice was quite unemotional; the same sort of voice that he used in his sermons on Sunday mornings.

"Good old Bish!" muttered one of the loading numbers. "Cheery cuss!"

The fear was still with Jones and he was ashamed, but he could not shake it off. The enemy was firing as fast as they were themselves, and they were being straddled all the time. The shriek of the enemy shells as they tore through the air was punctuated by regular thuds as the turret's guns fired. Every now and then the deck would tilt steeply as they made a violent alteration of course or a near miss threw the ship over.

"The leading enemy battleship is stopped and on fire," announced the loudspeaker in level tones. For all the excitement in the padre's voice he might have been intoning "I publish the banns of marriage. . . ."

"Good work, lads!" shouted the turret officer, and some of the men shouted in reply.

Jones was beginning to lose the fear now. It was partly the thrill of hearing that they had knocked out one of the enemy, partly that the sound of the shells rushing towards them was becoming quite familiar, almost a part of the routine. He began to sing under his breath; a new sense of power had taken the place of the fear and he wanted to go on fighting until the enemy had been utterly destroyed; it was strange to him, this feeling, but he did not pause to reflect on it as he handled the charges; he only knew that his blood was up and that he wanted to kill and not be killed.

And then they were hit!

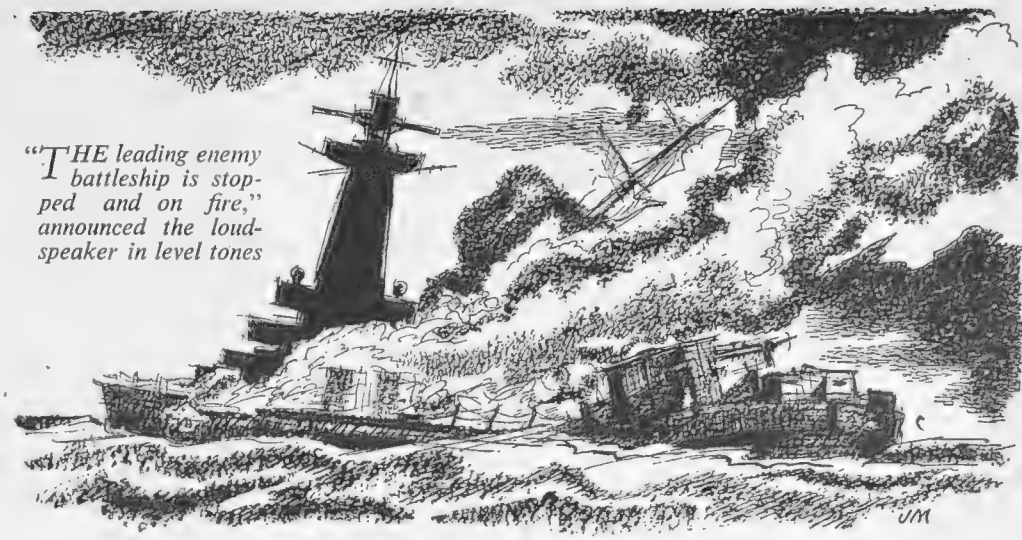
They knew it must happen as soon as they heard the shell. It was nearer than its predecessors and there was a fierce bestial anger in its shriek as it rushed towards them, blotting out all other sound. Jones knew it was coming but he was unafraid. He merely took a firmer grip of the charge in his arms and braced his legs against the steel deck. There was a split second to go before that shell reached them and in that second the gun must be reloaded and fired. He swung the cordite into the tray, and then the deck lifted and he felt himself thrown forward towards the breech of the gun and the world was torn in half by the indescribable noise and then there was only the blackness and the silence.

"Come on, lad!" He was aware of the words being spoken in the far distance without comprehending their meaning. Some one was gripping him round the shoulders and his forehead was wet and cold, while the rest of his body was burning hot and dry.

"You're all right, Jones—he's O.K., sir!"

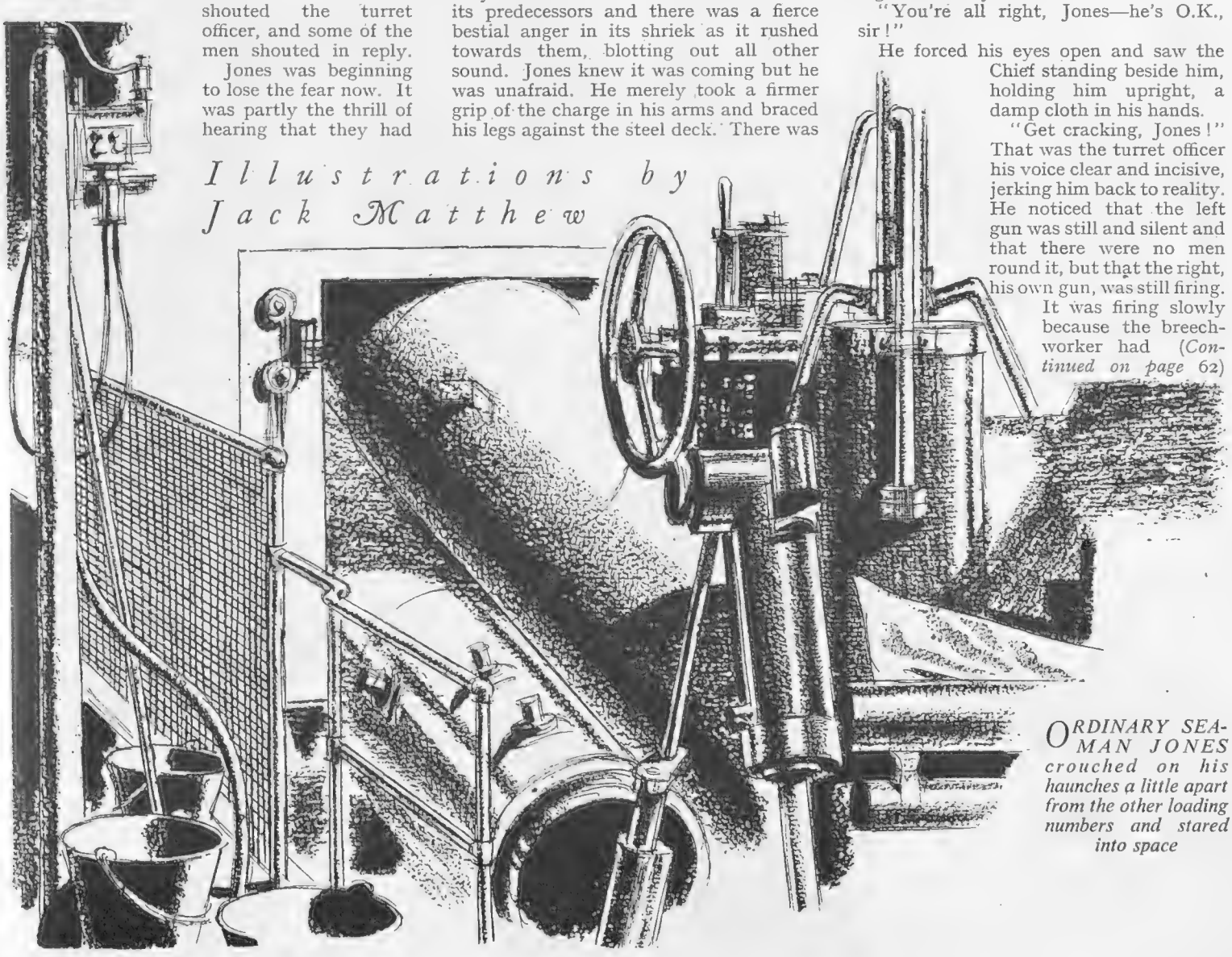
He forced his eyes open and saw the Chief standing beside him, holding him upright, a damp cloth in his hands.

"Get cracking, Jones!" That was the turret officer his voice clear and incisive, jerking him back to reality. He noticed that the left gun was still and silent and that there were no men round it, but that the right, his own gun, was still firing. It was firing slowly because the breech-worker had (*Continued on page 62*)



"THE leading enemy battleship is stopped and on fire," announced the loudspeaker in level tones

Illustrations by Jack Matthew



ORDINARY SEAMAN JONES crouched on his haunches a little apart from the other loading numbers and stared into space

Ups and Downs of

London's Opera House

—The Story of Covent Garden

By Laurel Pascal

The total destruction by fire in 1808 of the original Theatre Royal, Covent Garden. This theatre was founded in 1728

AFTER many ignominious years as a dance hall 1945 will bring a revival of the old glories of the Royal Opera House—"world conditions permitting." Boosey and Hawkes, the music publishers, have acquired the lease of the famous theatre in the "Garden" and will assume control in association with Mr. Harold Holt, the well-known impresario, from January 1. This is good news, not only for lovers of grand opera and ballet, but for all the thousands of people who keep a warm spot in their hearts for the old theatre with the most colourful and riotous past in London.

The jitterbug interlude of the Opera House is just one more incident in a history that has been full of ups and downs since the theatre was first founded by John Rich in 1728. Apart from murders, elopements and innumerable riots, it has survived two fires and heavy financial losses. In 1939 the directors complained that, though they had spent £70,000 in modernizing the building, they found it difficult to obtain good "lets."

John Rich would have been amazed at such an expenditure, for though his friend Hogarth eulogized his triumphant entry into his new theatre as "Rich's Glory," his first production at the Royal Opera—Congreve's *Way of the World*—was put on at the very modest sum of 16 guineas. This included £3 11s. 10d. for "music," £3 for candles, 14s. for guards, 15s. for kettledrums and £1 in part arrears of rent

A view of the east front of the second Theatre Royal, Covent Garden. Built to the designs of Robert Smirke junior, it was opened in 1809 and stood approximately on the site of the original building

The next production was Gay's *Beggar's Opera*, fresh from a triumphal debut at Rich's Lincoln's Inn Theatre, and this in turn gave way to the popular melodrama, *The Cheats or the Tavern Bilkers*.

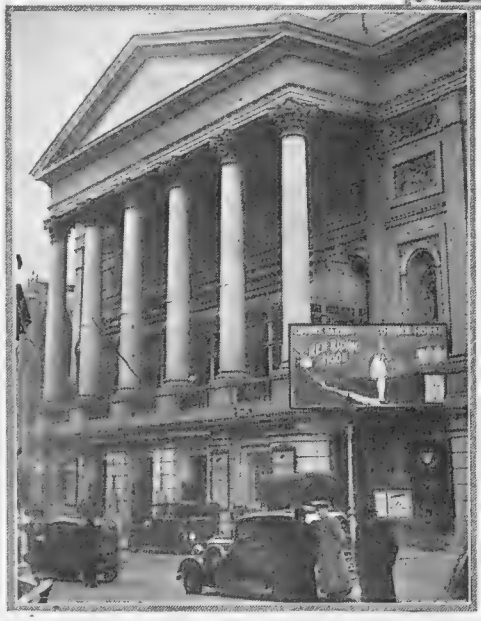
John Rich, essentially a man of the people, was quick to sense the latent stage possibilities in the bawdy mimes that were such a popular feature of street entertainment in the early eighteenth century. Pantomime was originated by the ancient Greeks and Romans, and the costume of Harlequin is said to be derived from coloured tattered rags worn by the first of the long line of Harlequins in the Roman amphitheatre.

That the first pantomimes introduced to the English stage by John Rich retained much of their original street vulgarity is proved by the fact that they were often declared "indecent," even when judged by the very lax standards of the day. In many of the early pantomimes Rich himself played Harlequin in the piebald costume the meaning of which is lost in the mists of antiquity.

In 1735 Rich began to present the musical celebrities of his day and it was about this time that Handel took over the management of the theatre and began to produce his great oratorios. Unfortunately the antagonism aroused by Handel's fame and his political opinions, plus the exorbitant salaries demanded by some of the singers, proved ruinous. The losses suffered by the theatre during his term of management amounted to well over £10,000—a large fortune for those days.

In 1743 the finances of the Royal Opera House were again in a bad way and money had to be raised by mortgage. The list of scenic effects and props included: "'The Burning Mountain' (2 pieces); Two Scaffolds; a Dunghill; a Dragon for Faustus; the Grave Trap; Two Bears (one stuft); an Alligator and a Baboon."

Riots took place in the new theatre as a protest against the high prices charged. The contemporary print shows the orchestra cowering over their music while rioters storm over their heads and on to the stage, armed with heavy clubs



(On right)
The present building was reopened in 1858 under the management of Frederick Gye, one of the most successful impresarios England has ever produced

Ten years later the fortunes of the theatre were firmly established and Rich cleared as much as £11,000 in a season. Stars of the day included many of undying fame, such as James Quin, who became chief rival of Garrick, appearing as Horatio to his Lothario in *The Fair Penitent* and Falstaff to his Hotspur in *Henry IV*. Grimaldi, member of an Italian family of clowns and dancers, also created a furore in the pantomime *Mother Goose* at Covent Garden. His singing of such ditties as "Tippety-Witchet" and "Hot Codlins" aroused tremendous enthusiasm, and packed the house.

The fair Peg Woffington, outstanding actress of her day, numbering Garrick among her most faithful admirers, first appeared at Covent Garden in 1740 in (*Continued on page* 54)

Old Tales Re-told

Olaf followed Klerkon through the narrow streets of Novgorod in order to be quite certain that he was the slave-trader

Olaf the Great—

His Adventures and Vicissitudes

(Part I)

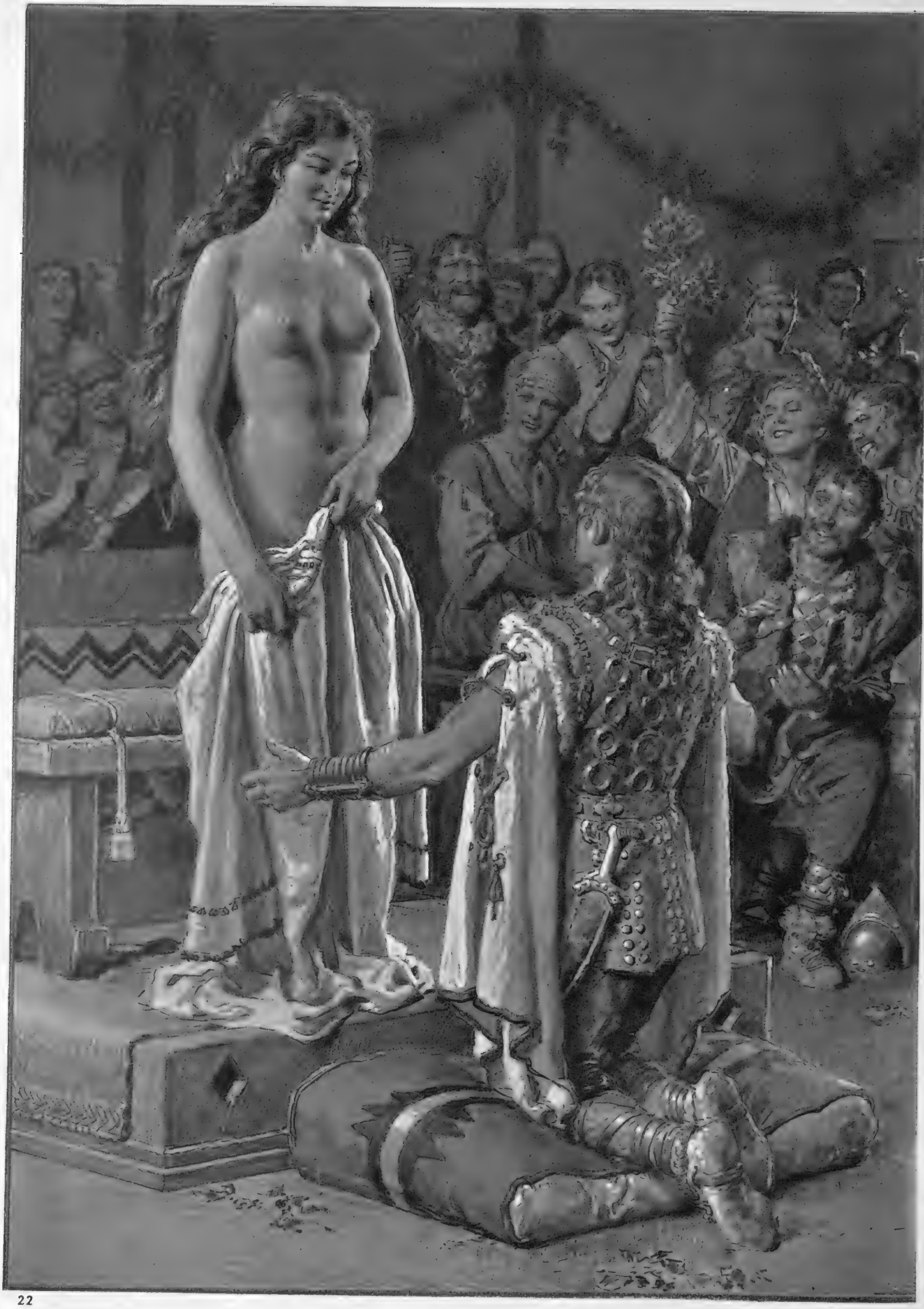
Written and Illustrated by F. Matania, R.I.

EUROPE of the tenth century was just about to wake up after her slumbers caused by the fall of the Roman Empire. It had been like the tragic silence that follows an avalanche. Only those regions situated on the outer limits of Europe, or what was known of Europe at that time, were the least affected, especially in the far north, where of the Roman civilisation only a distant echo had penetrated. Had the Romans continued in their conquests, Norway, Denmark, Sweden, Russia and many other States would have, in time, been added to their Empire. Instead, those northern races became themselves the conquerors. The Baltic and the North Sea were crossed by the Vikings, eager to gain a foothold in the old world that, for them, was the new one. Several are the conquerors who approached the coasts of Britain, producing great changes in the history of this nation.

One of the most conspicuous was Olaf the Russian, an amazing character who, in spite of being born a prince, had been a slave, a fugitive, a farmer's boy, a warrior, a sailor, a missionary and a king.

If the great Snorro Sturlesson, saga writer of the twelfth century, had not faithfully recorded the incidents of Olaf's life, one would believe that so much romance and adventure could only be the product of an imagination like that of Ariosto or Tasso. Small wonder that Longfellow has found in Olaf's life ample inspiration for one of his immortal poems.

YOUNG Olaf, later called Olaf the Great, though barely nineteen years old, had already gone through sufficient adventures and misadventures to fill a lifetime. His father, King Tryggve, had been murdered by rivals only a few months before he was born. His mother had succeeded in escaping from Russia and reaching her uncle in Sweden. Shortly after the child was born, the murderers sent a band of horsemen with orders to kidnap the baby. So the persecuted mother left Sweden, taking little Olaf with her, and for over three years lived as a fugitive in the



Only when she was about to drop the last flimsy tunic did Olaf take his position on the cushion and receive in his arms the beautiful Geyra

woods, her only companion an old and faithful servant and his little son Thorkill.

Eventually they succeeded in buying a boat. Their object was to reach Novgorod which, at the end of the tenth century, though not much bigger than a village, was the capital of Russia—or, more correctly, of the small part of the country known at that time. There Earl Sigurd, brother of the fugitive Queen, occupied the important position of tax-gatherer to the King of Russia.

Just as the fugitives neared the coast they were captured by a slave trader called Klerkon. All four were bound and taken down into the hold of the ship, where Klerkon, before the eyes of the children, smashed in with an axe the head of the faithful servant because he was too old to be sold. On reaching land the two little boys, Olaf and Thorkill, were sold to a farmer for a lamb and a cloak. No one ever knew what became of the mother. Klerkon did not bring her ashore. The farmer and his wife were kindly people and they treated their little slaves as though they had been their own children. They, too, had a small son called Riki, and for many years all worked together on the farm. Thorkill, the eldest, knew of Olaf's royal origin, and like his father he devoted himself to the protection of his little master. Both boys were careful never to mention where they came from, for they knew that spies were constantly searching for Olaf.

It was by mere chance that one day in Novgorod, Olaf attracted the attention of an imposing-looking man who, overcoming his shyness, took the boy home to answer some questions. When he discovered that his mother had been named Astrid, the man revealed himself to be none other than Earl Sigurd, the uncle whose protection the Queen had been seeking when she undertook her disastrous journey.

Earl Sigurd wasted no time in retrieving his nephew and Thorkill from the farmer, to whom he gave a handsome compensation, and Olaf was at last restored to his proper station in life. He received all the available education and was trained in the use of weapons and every accomplishment fitting his rank.

When he was little more than fifteen years old fate brought him face to face with the slave trader, Klerkon. In all these years the memory of the gruesome murder he had witnessed had never faded from his mind, nor the face of the callous Klerkon either. A lust for revenge seized him. He followed Klerkon through the narrow streets of Novgorod in order to be quite certain that he was not making a mistake. When he was sure of his man, he seized his axe, faced his enemy and told him who he was. Then, without giving him any chance of defence, dealt him a smashing blow over the head.

Under furious blows, the shields of the attackers splintered and Germans fell to right and left, with severed limbs and broken skulls

Arrested and brought to court before the King and Queen, he told the whole story of his life. Owing to Earl Sigurd's eloquent pleading, the case turned in Olaf's favour. This influential man asked the King to condemn Klerkon for the murder of Thorkill's father and to allow young Olaf to carry out the sentence. If the King agreed, the court had only to consider the sentence already executed (since Klerkon was dead), and the case would be closed. In order to observe the law the King fined Olaf so large a sum that only the royal house could afford to pay it. This was bad, but the Queen

herself intervened and offered to pay the fine which, of course, would return to the royal treasury.

Olaf's handsome appearance and obvious intelligence decided the Queen to take him as her page.

A little later he was accepted into the King's bodyguard, where his military talent gained for him the rank of commander in a punitive expedition against some Tartar bandits, in which campaign he gave proof of his courage and ability.

Experiences such as this, together with the violence through which he had passed as a boy, helped to mature young Olaf unusually quickly. We find him at the age of eighteen with his companions, Thorkill and Riki, the farmer's son, who had never lost touch with him, about to start on a Viking cruise of their own in search of fortune and adventure.

Olaf bought ten cutters and recruited the crews from among young men equally eager to seek adventure. Then he set sail for the Baltic. Arriving at the Swedish coast, they surprised the peaceful inhabitants of the island of Borgholm, who fled, leaving behind them a rich booty. After this promising exploit, the expedition made its way towards the mouth of the Vistula. There they landed in a safe harbour and found again that the inhabitants fled at sight of them. However, in this case, by peaceful behaviour and respecting private property, they induced them to return to their homes. From them Olaf learned that Geyra, the young Queen of these regions, resided one day's journey away. He sent presents, asking for hospitality for himself and his men. A reply soon arrived, inviting him to the Queen's residence.

Attired in gorgeous array and shining armour, the party of Russians set forth to pay homage to Queen Geyra.

On arrival, they found themselves confronted by a beautiful young woman, splendidly dressed and surrounded by a circle of maids no less attractive than their mistress. No party of adventurers could ever have been more congenially entertained. Banquets took place every day, and despite linguistic difficulties, great strides were made in the progress of cordiality and understanding.

The Queen had fallen in love with Olaf at first sight. He, for his part, was equally attracted by her. For the first time in his life he lost his head and gave himself up completely to blissful dreams.

It was arranged that Olaf's men should be incorporated into Geyra's bodyguard, who were anxious to learn from the visitors their superior skill in military arts. Later the Queen gave him the command of her Guard, and Thorkill and Riki acted as his chief officers.

OLAF and his companions found themselves in a land of new and unknown customs in which they joined delightedly, whether or not they understood the import. They did not know, for instance, why it was that each time at table when one of them shared a loaf of bread with a girl, or took salt from the same dish, the act was greeted with a burst of applause. Later, they discovered that this was the usual form of betrothal, so that involuntarily they had all pledged themselves in marriage!

Queen Geyra and Olaf were the first couple to proceed to the next stage. A feast was arranged, festoons of leaves were used to decorate the walls of the great hall, in the midst of which a dais was placed for the royal bride. The couple made the round of their friends to receive congratulations, and then a (*Continued on p.* 66)

Olaf, Thorkill and Riki, together with such of their comrades as had survived the plague, loaded a vessel with their belongings and set sail for the new world they were seeking

High up above the township, at the gateway to the moors, stood a white farm

Skye Folk

The Crofters of the Misty Isle

By Richard Perry

THE shepherd sitting next to me in the carriage was, like us, bound for a hill sheep farm in the Isle of Skye. His rough plus-fours, the inevitable cap, his thick stockings and tackety boots, were alike symbolic of the future. The old life was ended. The Devon cottage would not know our free ways again. And that evening we stood on the stone jetty waiting for the ferry boat to plough her way across the Kyle from Skye, and gazed across the thousand yards of sea at a brown mountain, whose great bulk loomed over the white cabins of the fishermen and crofters of a Norse king's roving settlement.

The last stage of the Road to the Isles was often a stormy one, with cascades of salt water and spray breaking the length of the boat, and the ferry crew lashed up in oilskins from head to foot: but this evening the Kyle was calm.

After the dirt and din of a day and a half's travelling, it was pleasant strolling through the township on a beautiful serene evening, with the blue Kyle on one hand and the green, with the fishermen's nets laid out, on the other. At the top of the hill we turned up the narrow track to the farm, and I grinned when I saw the same old ruts and pot-holes which I had plugged with not a few loads of gravel from the shore in my time. And then there was Herself, more impressive than ever in a gay floral smock, welcoming us at the door of the farm, with the old "Oh well, Dick!". I saw that there were many threads of silver in her raven hair, as she went before us into the living-room with its long deal table and long-backed settle, on which, five years before, I had jostled for eating space with her three lusty ruddy-curled sons. And well, well, but here was Himself, too! So obviously a viking with his predatory nose and cold blue eyes, now paling. Seventy-four or seventy-five he would be now. A little stiffer than of yore, with the ruddiness gone out of his straggling moustache and close curls, still marvellously unflecked with grey, I had yet not expected to find him so hale and like his old self. As I looked at him standing before the range fire, spare but sturdy in his plus-fours, my thoughts went back to that last autumn, when he and I had been left alone at the farm, except for Donald the shepherd and his wife, who had moved in from one of our outlying crofts to look after us. On the long, dark November evenings, when the old farm rocked to the buffets of intermittent squalls of wind that tumbled the slates off the roof, he and I would be together in a little lamp-lit sitting-room at the front of the house. Peering out of the tiny window into the pitchy blackness of the tempestuous night, gripped by the wild loneliness of the winter mountains, I would look always for the friendly

(*Continued on page* 66)

Loch Na Beiste—the Glen of the Beast, Isle of Skye. (Below) Looking across the Sound to the mountains of Nester Ross

The Anchorage, Skye, and the white cots of the fishermen

The Wise In Heart

Love Does Not Alter When It Alteration Finds

By Johanna Douglas

EARLY morning sunshine streamed gaily into the room, lighting up fresh chintz curtains, shining on newly washed cream paint, warming the soft moss green of the carpet; accentuating the brightness, the clean-swept expectant air which lay over the whole apartment like a hope of lovely things to come.

The girl lying alone in the large bed stirred, then suddenly became aware of the morning.

Excited, she sat up. This was the very day. This was Tuesday. Tuesday was really here at last: by to-night she would no longer be alone. Jan would be home.

Jan would be with her again. After all this time.

She lay back in the sunlight and stretched out full length in delicious, luxurious ease and comfort, her arms resting on the head of the bed, her toes reaching for the end of it.

It seemed hardly possible: that a day which had at one time seemed so remote and uncertain finally should have arrived. It was true, then, that time did pass: that a day long earmarked on a calendar did break and become a sunlit reality.

She fingered the plain gold ring on her left hand.

It glinted in the light now, as it had when Jan with quiet confidence pulled it over her finger in church on a day five years ago. A day out of another world, it seemed now: a glad careless day in spring, spring in 1939, when the world still kept an eager pretence of peace.

They had six months to themselves before the world-wide storm broke: six months of fun and freedom; driving through summer evenings, supper parties, week-ends in their tiny country cottage. Jan was a newspaper man. But the hectic swirl of his days centred always round her. He was a gay companion. His merry insouciant laugh rang out in deep peals through the succession of crowded days and evenings. But at night, when they reached the haven of their own apartment, when the door finally shut behind them, closing out the outside world, he would take her in his arms, suddenly grave and gentle. "Penny, darling," his voice still echoed in her ears, "that I should have had the fortune to find you."

Then in October the inevitable happened.

They had dined together at their favourite restaurant; with late roses on the table and 1865 brandy. They walked back to Victoria with the moonlight sweeping the Mall. Jan stopped and held her arm tighter.

"Penny. Penny, dear. Don't mind too much. But the Army has accepted me."

She took this bravely. In the deep wisdom of her heart, she knew it was bound to come and was proud of him for it.

HE made a good soldier. In the months that followed he gained a commission. She found a job on his old newspaper, and she was grateful for hard work. Leaves were fairly frequent, and the flat in Victoria often rang with their laughter.

Suddenly, London was raid-free no longer. The Battle of Britain was fought and won. Hot pounding guns came with September, answering the bleak drones that rode the night sky.

It was an ugly time and living took on a new meaning. Ever-present danger gave a surging intensity to Jan's November leave. After the first two days Jan said:—

"Penny. I ought to tell you now. This is my embarkation leave."

Again, she accepted the inevitable, as a challenge to her own courage. The throbbing of the guns was no worse than the torment in her heart on the last night of leave. But she fought down the sick terror that threatened to engulf her, and this personal victory yielded a rich, deep, inner comfort so that she was able to send him away with a gay laughing quip.

Jan had loved her for that. "Dear, dear Penny," his first letter from the ship said, "it was only your sweet courage, your wise kind eyes, and that funny last-minute crack that gave me the strength to leave you. . . ."

As time went on, her nightmares changed from great, gaunt, crowded troopships struggling through surging grey seas to ghastly stretches of everlastingly sun-baked deserts where men fell back and back before advancing German armies.

SHE tore like a wild thing through the hall, breathless, and pulled open the door and tripped and fell into his arms all in one movement

She wrote him regularly, giving him plenty of detail. She felt this was the surest way of keeping in close touch with him. Little bits of office news that would amuse him. It was fun to be working on his old newspaper: it gave her a sense of closeness to work in the building where he had spent so much of his time. Mostly, she went straight home in the evenings, there was always so much to do to keep the apartment in good trim. Occasionally, she would go out for a drink, or to a party. And then she wrote him the details. "Marcia asked me round last night," she would say. "It was quite a party. Mabel Strong was asking for you—she says to watch out for Bill because she thinks he may be sent to the desert, too. Marcia was in fine form. You remember that lovely old Jacobean chest she had—the most colossal piece of shrapnel crashed in through the window and tore a hole right through it. Marcia found it when she came up from the shelter." She made no bones about mentioning air raids. After all, Jan would hear the radio news. But she always made it clear that she took shelter.

Jan wrote regularly, too. She had no means of knowing exactly where he was until eventually he mentioned leave and then she supposed he was in Cairo, or maybe Alex. He had bought her some wonderful brocade, he said: just wait till the war was over and see the wrap it would make for her. He went round the bazaars and sent her home an odd assortment of amusing trinkets. He went to the best shops and sent her stockings and an enormous handbag and yards and yards of wispy pink chiffon.

And then the guns started up at El Alamein and the armies raced forward again.

It was sometime during this advance that the telegram came.

Illustrations by Albert Bailey

Even now, lying here in the sunshine, with Jan so nearly home, she shuddered at the memory of that telegram.

It caught her at the worst possible time. She came home, weary, physically out of sorts, exhausted after a long futile trail across London on a story for the newspaper. The yellow envelope was half pushed through the letterbox. She knew at once it was about Jan and one corner of her mind thought drearily, why should they send bad news in such bright happy coloured envelopes.

It was bad news: very bad news. Jan was wounded, very seriously, in the head, and was now at a base hospital.

If the foregoing months had been difficult, the time following was a period in hell. The hurt of it was unlike anything she had ever felt—a searing pain that burnt her mind. She never knew how she got through it. It was a time she could never forget; that stamped its mark indelibly upon her so that she knew there was no suffering so great it could be worse than that.

Matron at base had been more than kind in her letters, but she never disguised the truth. For long weeks they had not known which way the balance would fall.

When word came through, finally, that he would get well, she collapsed. Sheer relief reduced her to a state of weakness that the long nerve-racked wait had not been able to. For as long as Jan, so far away, had needed all her powers of will, she had kept going, fiercely determined that all her loving, all her willing, must get through to him somehow and pull him back. When that was accomplished, reaction set in.

Later, returning strength brought her the knowledge that, having come through this, there was nothing she could not in future face.

SHE smiled now, as she lay outstretched in the sunshine, waiting for it to be time for him to arrive. There was nothing to be faced now save delight.

Jan was arriving in the afternoon. One of his funny little typewritten notes had asked her not to come to the station. "I would so much rather find you waiting at home," he had spelt out. "Stations are so cold and heartless."

She thought a typewriter was rather cold and heartless, too. She was rather at a loss to understand his sudden passion for this typewriter.

It dated from his convalescence in South Africa: a long, hard convalescence when he had first been apparently too weak to do more than scribble his name at the foot of notes that the nurses wrote for him.

And then the first typewritten letter arrived. For one who had been accustomed to using a typewriter every day of his life, there were at first a lot of mistakes. She was amused, but put it down to his weakness. Later it got so there were no mistakes. His letters seemed to take on a new tone. They were entertaining and sweet and dear as they always were, but there was also an indefinable air of a new strength, a new confidence.

He was writing a book, he said: in fact, he was writing two;

battle experiences, and a novel. It was something he had always wanted to do, but for which up till then he had never had time. He was aching to get home, but they were very strict and he was to be kept in the sunshine till he was quite better. How would she like it, if he turned up with a saleable book under each arm, he asked.

AND now Tuesday was here, and she cared not whether he had a dozen saleable books under his arm, only that this day was bringing him home.

She looked round the flat with satisfaction as she went through to her bath. The last fortnight had been spent in feverish activity, cleaning, polishing, washing with the assistance of Mrs. Hudson, the occasional help. The whole place shone now, with a well-tended air. All she had to do this morning was to give it a final dusting and to remember to water the lilac in the lounge.

The moment two months ago when she first heard Jan was coming back, she had turned over all sorts of plans for redecoration. Her job had yielded, over all this period of time, enough money to buy new curtains and covers for the lounge; the bathroom could do with new flooring; it would be fun to throw out the bumpy old couch and buy a new one. She had always wanted to change the lounge from pale green to pale cream, and she had long had her eye on a mushroom-coloured second-hand carpet in Hampton's.

Finally, she decided to do none of these things; to have the place exactly as Jan remembered it, without even a single piece of furniture being moved round.

Something told her she was right about this. Jan would want to find everything exactly as he had pictured it during the last two and a half years. To-day would prove if she were right.

The morning passed, somehow. There was nothing more to do to the apartment; it was completely ready for him; a great sheaf of his favourite lilac made a vivid, warm, purple splash on the radio table; his old pipes lay waiting behind the clock on the mantelpiece.

She dressed with infinite care. Arden and Antoine had done a good job yesterday. As she searched her mirror the face that smiled back looked fresh and debonair; it dispelled at last her doubts that he would find her changed. Great gladness of heart lit up the excited expectant smile in the eyes that shone back at her.

Fifty times during the morning she reread his typewritten note as if unable to believe the evidence of her eyes. It was sent from a northern port, on Sunday night. The convoy had just berthed. He had to report to hospital on Monday and then catch a train. He reckoned to be with her on Tuesday afternoon. He didn't think, he said, that he could bear to ring her up. He would rather wait till Tuesday.

IT was lunchtime now, and she went through to the tiny kitchen, but she couldn't eat. She was on the point of putting the milk in the frig. when the doorbell pealed. . . .

She tore like a wild thing through the hall, breathless, and pulled open the door and tripped and fell into his arms all in one movement.

Æons later, she noticed the orderly standing behind him.

"All right, now, Johnson," Jan said. "Thanks for your help."

The orderly piled a peculiar assortment of leather bags and canvas bundles into the hall, saluted, and left.

The door shut behind them, closing out the world in the old familiar way.

"I lost the key in the desert," Jan said, and gathered her close to him again, as if this time he would never let her go.

For a long moment they stood there. This was a time she would always remember: the first glad sight of him as she pulled the door; the first realization of his arms round her again; the low sweet voice that trembled a little against her hair.

She was unable to stop the long sob of relief. In complete understanding he held her head gently against his shoulder and smoothed her hair.

Immeasurably soothed, she looked up and smiled.

"I can't see you properly in here," she said. "Come in the lounge and let me look at you."

She took his arm fondly and laughed when he tripped over the rug.

"That's new," he said at once. "We hadn't a rug here before."

"It's the one (*Continued on page 52*)

THE frig. was open and he was groping in the space which usually held the milk bottle. His other hand was almost touching the bottle which stood on top of the frig. where she had left it

Glimpses of

Old Mayfair

Impressions of a Changing Scene

By Wilma Buckley

LONG after Mayfair—as we know it—has ceased to be, the name will survive as the symbol of an idiosyncratic standard of obsolete elegance, the quintessence of careless, glamorous (what other word will serve so well?), fashionable living: everything that is epitomized in the twentieth-century expression "West End" and the eighteenth-century expression "*ton*."

Dear to the London amateur, this particular quarter is evocative of something that is most typical of the town, its very sound almost adverbial, adjectival—much as the terms "Ritz" and the American "Ritzy" have passed into current use as descriptions of a certain type of high-living.

Mayfair sprang into corporate being in the eighteenth century and to this day retains its original, characteristic blend of the aristocratic and the raffish. What will happen after to-day remains to be seen, since—for one reason and another—the district is gradually being transformed. Berkeley Square has heard, during these last years, sounds more sinister than the singing of that apocalyptic nightingale; the Michael Arlen *mise en scène* has, indeed, suffered a change. The bomb and the builder have left their irreparable mark on many a façade; commerce has rushed in where private individuals fear to tread, and featureless blocks of flats have risen like the tide. In Berkeley Square itself, concrete cliffs now stand where stood the graceful dwellings of great figures of the past: Lord Clive (Clive of India), Lady Mary Wortley Montagu, Horace Walpole, Lord Berkeley of Stratton among them. As for the famous and authenticated haunted house on the west side of the square, such poor ghosts as may have lingered there must surely have been put to flight long since by the discomfort of etheric vibrations more shocking than their own. The railings round the gardens, where the rank and fashion would leisurely consume Gunter's ices in the early years of this century, have vanished, the charming pavilion sinks into stuccoed decay, but the plane trees—planted in the eighteenth century—still remain, as do a few great houses, barred, bolted and shuttered, their imposing doorways still flanked by the ornamental wrought-iron of their link-boys' torch-extinguishers.

Grosvenor Square (now a traffic roundabout in the manner of Piccadilly Circus; *O tempora! O mores!*) was started during the reign of George I by Sir Richard Grosvenor, a considerable landowner and an enthusiastic builder, the garden in the centre being laid out by the landscape gardener, Kent. Among the host of celebrities who at one time or another have lived in the square (the purely aristocratic note has sounded very consistently in this section of Mayfair) were Lord Nelson, as the guest of Sir William and Lady Hamilton in 1800; Lord Lytton; the first Marquis of Hertford, our Ambassador in Paris and Secretary of State; Lord North, Prime Minister from 1770 to 1781, and Hugh Lupus Grosvenor, the first Duke of Westminster. So many people of fame and family have made their homes in this square that a brief sketch of this nature will not permit a detailed recital of their names and doings, but one may note, in passing, that where the jeep and the G.I. now patrol, once walked no less a person than Doctor Johnson, the peregrine guest of the Thrales at No. 37.

For the imaginative, many of Mayfair's streets are (*Continued on page* 56)

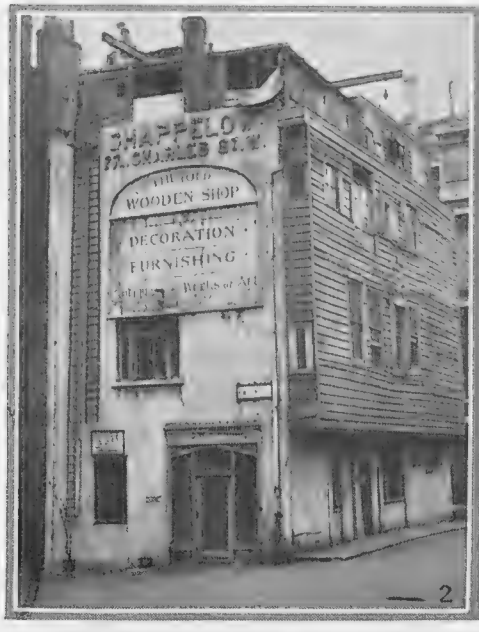
1. *Battle-scarred but still architecturally trim, Crewe House, in busy Curzon Street, was put up in* 1735 *by Edward Sheppard, whose name survives in Shepherd's Market.*

2. *A curiously rural survival among blocks of modern flats: the old, weather-boarded farm building, with hayloft and pulley, at the corner of Hays Mews and Charles Street.*

3. *Just off the bustling activity of Grosvenor Square, this diminutive cottage survives, unspoilt, from the days when it was situated among green fields and trees.*

4. *Typical of Mayfair's adapted cottages: at the corner of Hill Street and South Audley Street, reputed to be a seventeenth-century farmhouse in origin.*

5. *This tiny house stands isolated in a cul-de-sac off South Audley Street, backing on to Mount Street gardens, and was described by A. E. W. Mason in one of his mystery stories.*



Sky Duel

An Adventure of Love and War

By Ronald Cocking

FLIGHT LIEUTENANT DICKIE RANDALL rapped quietly on the door of the C.O.'s office, marched in and saluted smartly. The whole effect would have been one of airmanlike efficiency, but for the fact that in saluting Dickie caught his sleeve in a bunch of files standing on a side table and sent the whole lot crashing to the floor.

The C.O. waited with weary patience while his perspiring visitor tidied up the mess, then he waved his hand towards a chair.

"Just sit down, Randall," he said, "and don't touch *anything*. I'm getting a complex about you; in fact it's getting so bad that when I see you leaning against a wall I want to move into the next room so that I shan't have the roof down on my head."

"WHAT in the hell do you want?" Paul broke in harshly. Dickie noticed a strange look, almost like fear, in his eyes. He moved his body so that it came between Dickie and the case on the table

Dickie sighed and tried to look interested. These sessions with the stationmaster were becoming a rather regular feature, but Dickie thought that two in a week was laying it on rather thickly. After all, a bloke must make mistakes sometimes, and although this time he had forgotten to put his wheels down, it had been a very nice belly landing with nothing bent except the propeller. It was a lous[illegible] too.

"Now this isn't going to be a routine 'strip,' Randall." Dickie sat up. "I hate to say this to a man with an excellent fighting record and twenty-three victories to his credit, but the next breach of flying discipline on your part will have very serious consequences for you—and I mean serious. Flying discipline is vital and must be maintained. Right, that's all."

It was a very shaken Dickie that wended his way back to the mess. Definitely, he decided, a big effort must be made. No pile-ups, no putting up of "blacks" in the mess, no shooting at other people's ground targets on the firing range. Sad thoughts, but they would have to be faced.

He brightened visibly at the door of the mess, however, for there he encountered Sheila. Sheila was Section Officer Barron to the world, one of the station's meteorological officers, but to Dickie she was the ultimate, his only true love. Dark and lovely, with a mouth like Paulette Goddard's and hair that crisped back off her forehead in ecstatic waves, her arrival on the station had created a minor turmoil in the mess. (The "ecstatic" waves, incidentally, were Dickie's one glorious flight into the realms of poetry and had cost him one shilling and an entry in the squadron line book.)

Quite how Dickie, with his unruly sandy hair and diffident boyishness, had ever survived the competition of the tall, dark and handsome heroes who adorned the place nobody but Sheila would ever know, but in any case he was so popular with everybody that there were no ill feelings about the matter. You never knew what Dickie would do next, and anyway he was the best combat pilot on the squadron. That excused him almost anything.

So Dickie hulloed Sheila and said what a nice morning it was, but the look which he got in return had anything but a nice morning in it. As a matter of fact, Sheila replied, a depression was coming in and it would be raining cats and dogs within two hours. Furthermore, she understood that he had just had another "strip" torn off, and she was getting rather browned off with people telling her she ought to do something about him.

"Oh," said Dickie. On the ground he was never at his best in a crisis.

"And furthermore," Sheila went on in the adorable voice she always used when she was angry, "I am not going to be married to a man who is not capable of boiling water without burning it. The stationmaster is not the only one who's had plenty of you, Dickie. You know——"

"Come, children, why all this quarrelling?"

The pair turned round; Dickie only gaped, but Sheila cried out: "Why, it's Paul Ferrol! But it can't be, he's a prisoner of war."

The other man smiled down at them. "Was, dear lady, was. You see standing before you in the flesh, Flight Lieutenant Ferrol, escaped prisoner, reporting back to unit for duty."

"Come out of the daze, Dickie dear," Sheila said sweetly, "and shake hands with the gentleman."

Dickie shook hands, still looking amazed. "Gosh, Paul, but I would hardly have recognized you. You're much thinner, you know—in fact you look different altogether."

Paul chuckled. "Hardly surprising, you know. Prison camp rations aren't quite up to officers' mess standards."

"Take no notice, Paul," Sheila said impatiently. "This is one of his less bright days. Let's go and have a big drink on this; the mess will be pleased to see you and you're just in time for lunch."

They did make a good-looking pair, Dickie reflected gloomily as he trailed behind them into the bar. Paul was one of the tall, dark handsome types who had hitherto taken very little interest in Sheila; however, he appeared to be making up for lost time now. Gosh, but he had changed!

Over drinks, Paul told the squadron the whole story. He confirmed the report brought back by the rest of the squadron that he had been hit in the engine while attacking a flak tower and had had to force-land in France. After some five weeks in an *Oflag* he had managed to escape and make his way to the French coast, where some friendly fishermen had given him a small boat. In this he had evaded the coastal patrols and sailed back to freedom.

"There's just one thing I haven't explained," he finished. "When I landed my head got a good crack from the gun-sight, and I'm afraid it has affected my memory for small things." He laughed apologetically. "For instance, although I remember all your faces quite well, I'm darned if I can remember a single name. Afraid that I shall have to learn them all over again!"

Illustrations by M. Mackinlay

Everybody laughed at this, and then he was solemnly introduced all round. Dickie was as pleased to see him back as the others, but he decided rather gloomily that when Paul was introduced to Sheila he hung on to her hand a little longer than was really necessary. This was definitely not his day. By five o'clock that evening Dickie was quite positive that his stars were in conjunction with something pretty ropy.

By that time he had made three very poor landings in his Spitfire, scored a mere ten per cent on a camera-gun practice, and learnt that Sheila had made a date with Paul for dinner that night to celebrate his return.

Funny that, but there was something about Paul that he did not quite understand. Before he had been shot down. Dickie and he were on good terms, but

being in different flights their ways did not cross a great deal except in the mess. Nevertheless, Dickie knew him well enough to miss certain things about him as he was now—a certain inflexion in the voice, the way he used to laugh. He must have had a much tougher time than he had cared to admit. It was strange, too, about his attitude to Sheila. Before, he was one of the few fellows in the mess who hadn't shot her a pretty heavy "line" at one time or another. Now, whenever she was around, he hardly took his eyes off her.

But the strangest thing of all to Dickie occurred the next day when the whole squadron stood and watched Paul take off for the first time since his return to the squadron. He realized that he was a bit dim perhaps about some things on the ground, but Dickie knew his flying. When an experienced pilot takes a familiar aircraft off the ground he almost writes his signature; the wheels come up at a certain time, then the flaps, and according to taste he will climb away either steeply or, if a cautious chap, will wait for full flying speed before he attempts any manœuvres at all.

Paul had been a cautious type, but now as he went roaring down the runway there was a gasp from the other pilots. Almost before the wheels had left the ground, the undercarriage came up, and the machine went streaking across the drome with the propeller tip only inches away from the ground. Then the Spit. shot upwards, almost standing on its tail, in a series of rolls. As someone said, he might have lost his memory, but he had certainly acquired a lot of nerve.

"Isn't he marvellous?" Sheila asked excitedly.

"Dun'no about marvellous," Dickie muttered, "but he's certainly living on borrowed time."

"Perhaps he is, my sweet," Sheila said, "but at least I don't expect that he will forget to put his wheels down when he comes in to land."

Before Dickie could think of any reply Sheila had walked away.

Dickie sighed, and decided to have a flip himself; he could think more clearly in the air.

But at the end of an hour he had got things no clearer than that Sheila was certainly taking a great deal of interest in Paul Ferrol, and that so far as he was concerned the aforesaid Paul was a very different bird from the one he used to know. All of which didn't add up to a thing.

He came into the aerodrome circuit and put the propeller into fine pitch for landing. It was sickening about Sheila though. Of course, he couldn't blame her. Why float around with a type like him who was always in one jam or another, when there were bags of blokes about who could really keep up with her when it came to charm and good looks? Darn it, he couldn't even dance without treading all over her feet, and besides . . .

The perimeter fence slid past, and he pulled the throttle right back. Somebody waved to him as he went over, and he waved back absent-mindedly. He started to stall the machine on to the runway. This bloke Paul was a good dancer too, just the right height for Sheila.

There was a thud and a crash. The propeller stopped turning suddenly, and then came the scream of tortured metal as the Spit. slewed sideways on its belly and came to a halt leaning over on one crumpled wing. Dickie realized that he had landed with his wheels up again.

He was still sitting in the cockpit when the crash tender and the ambulance came roaring up the runway. Sitting in the crash tender was the stationmaster.

"Any excuse?" he asked grimly as he walked over to the battered machine.

"No, sir," said Dickie heavily. "No, I—I was just thinking about something else, I'm afraid."

"Right. Consider yourself under open arrest. You will not leave the camp until I decide what disciplinary action I am going to take."

EVERY one except Sheila was very sympathetic about Dickie's bad luck, although when Paul spoke to him about it Dickie thought he detected a rather sneering tone in his voice. As for Sheila, she told Dickie that he had made her look a fool, that he was not fit to be in charge of an ice-cream wagon, let alone an aeroplane, and that even if he was the last male in the world she still wouldn't look at him. But Dickie was so miserable that he even forgot to notice how unhappy and how lovely she looked while she was shooting him down in flames.

What made everything so much worse was the enforced inactivity. He mooched about the camp, watching the other pilots take off and land, and worried alternately about Sheila and what the station commander was (*Continued on page* 58)

THE German started to try and turn inside Dickie in order to get on his tail, but good as he was he found he was up against a man who knew to the last ounce what his machine was capable of

As a parting present, my American cousin gave me Revlons' newest nail varnish fresh from New York. It is called "Rosey Future," and the colour is as enchanting as the name. Inside the rose-patterned box stand two bottles, one filled with the varnish and the other with white foundation gloss. As a nurse, I cannot wear the varnish, but still, it is nice to see it on my dressing-table as a reminder of the rosy future we can expect now without being accused of wishful thinking.

Jane Gordon

ON DUTY AND OFF

BEFORE the war, every beauty parlour worth its price list had a booklet of its own, and in the booklet every complexion problem was solved satisfactorily by the regular use of preparations sold by the said beauty parlour.

Your problem was a dry skin. Very well, you solved your problem by cleaning the face with a cleansing cream and perhaps a very special tonic, followed by a wonder-working skin food which penetrated deep down below the surface of the skin and fed the under-nourished tissue beneath.

OFF DUTY

Your problem was a greasy skin. Then, all you had to do was to wash your face with special milk or tonic, which refined your skin and made enlarged pores shrink back to their normal size. This was, likely as not, followed by a pore cream, which coaxed the complexion towards the peaches-and-cream texture you craved. The orange-peel complexion was smoothed and soothed with other kinds of creams and lotions.

There were also wonder creams for acne and blackheads; in fact, for every type of complexion problem.

Mind you, I am not saying that these preparations were no good. On the contrary, the cosmetic chemists were giving women the finest cosmetics the world has ever seen. But the fact remains, you cannot solve complexion problems by local treatment alone: you must find out what is causing the trouble—and there is always a cause, of that you may be certain.

Every woman with a difficult skin should be given a quiz. Here is a sample quiz:

(1) Do you understand the importance of combined scalp and skin care? You cannot cure a greasy complexion by astringents and masks alone. You must combine these with suitable shampoos and hair tonics. Dandruff can cause a spotty rash on forehead, neck and shoulders; and greasy hair is the counterpart of an oily complexion, enlarged pores and blackheads, and the complexion will never improve until the dandruff is cured.

(2) Do you realise that bleaching and tinting the hair will dry out the complexion as well as the hair? Peroxide has a very drying and irritating effect on the skin and is particularly irritating to the fair, fine skin. Most women who bleach their hair have this particular type of skin. The result of over-bleaching or prolonged bleaching will almost certainly be first a little dryness, then a little roughness, which may develop into a slight pimply rash below the skin. If this is your (*Continued on page* 64)

WHEN dealing with the problem of complexion you should discover the answers to three questions:

(1) Are you sure you are using the correct cosmetics for your type of skin?

(2) Are you by any chance causing the trouble by doing something foolish, such as over-bleaching the hair or taking too many sleeping pills or sedatives?

(3) Are you certain that your complexion is not being starved for lack of oxygen or vitamins? A shortage of Vitamin A will make your skin dry and rough, and it will also cause whiteheads as well as blackheads and spots. Vitamin B deficiency tends to make the hair and skin oily and produces those blocked and enlarged pores which eventually coarsen the ON DUTY complexion.

Here are some hints for the woman with the rough, dry skin. Avoid all astringent lotions and skin tonics. Do not wash your face with very hot water, and use a cream base for your face powder rather than a liquid powder. Take off your make-up with a soft cold cream or cleansing cream. Rinse your face with lukewarm water and massage with a skin food or orange cream. I have a massage chart which includes these various types of cream and the address where you can get them. Be sure to use the right sort of shampoo for your hair. If it is inclined to be lack-lustre and dried-out (*Con. on p.* 64)

WHAT WILL YOU DO AFTER

1. Wren Officers on active service in the Middle East visit a British cruiser.

2. St. John Ambulance Brigade Transport Drivers on parade in Bombay.

3. Fleet Air Arm women radio mechanics testing radio in flight.

4. Two women of the A.T.S. advance guard at work in Normandy.

5. Plotting enemy sub-marines inside a Naval Operations Room.

6. Ferrying a new vehicle from an R.A.S.C. depot to a shipping port.

THE WAR?

By WINIFRED LEWIS

WE know that the collective problems of peace will call for co-operative effort of will, of which the shape can as yet be only dimly seen. We shall deal with those in the right time. But personal problems of adjustment demand attention now. Common sense insists that every moment is valuable in planning for the future, which, for so many, wears a totally different complexion from the past.

Consider, for instance, the many thousands of women who before the war were quietly set in a narrow environment of work and play, to whom the war has shown a new world and established new values and new ideals.

These women went right into the war. They accepted responsibilities and mastered jobs which demanded the utmost in courage and initiative. Can women who have served their country on the active war fronts, side by side with men, return to, say, a drapery counter? Can women who have flown 'planes across the troubled skies, or those who have lived four years or more in active outdoor occupation, return, vibrant with health and eager with the taste of new endeavour, to some routine office task?

Some will, perhaps gratefully. Others, for whom the roaring tides of war have swept away the hope of immediate security in family life and a home of their own, will view the sacrifice of their freedom and adventure with dismay.

But what can they do? Surely these women can go on fulfilling themselves, serving the community and finding their own salvation in the world of peace and reconstruction?

IT is evident that there will be opportunities in peace for those qualities of courage and adventure which the war has discovered in women. Reconstruction all over the world, new schemes and new outlooks make their own opportunities. But these opportunities have to be found, and it is up to the women themselves to go out and find them with the same spirit of initiative with which they went to war for the common good.

To begin with, Europe and the other devastated territories of the world call for help. Welfare, administration, nursing, driving, interpreting and many other skilled and unskilled tasks are waiting and increasing as the end of the war approaches.

THE Red Cross need women workers in all parts of the world on this kind of work. Other organisations are recruiting women to go out to the liberated countries to care for orphaned and dependant children. These are not permanent jobs, but they offer an immediate and temporary alternative to the old round, and promise contacts and experience which may lead in the future to something more permanent.

Emigration opens a wide and speculative field for younger women, especially among those whose war service has given them a preliminary taste of adventure and founded a basic experience of travel and life away from home.

Our Colonies and Dominions are set fair for a period of expansion. They can only continue their progress through further immigration and an increase in population. Their endeavours to achieve this end must be forthcoming in good time.

At the same time, these countries have their own urgent problems of reconstruction. They want people, but only as they can be absorbed. So far, there have been no official announcements on the subject of emigration, though it can be expected soon.

Before the war, Canada's regulations provided for the admission of British subjects from the United Kingdom and other Dominions so long as the applicant could show a clean bill of health and a sufficiency of money to ensure against their becoming a charge upon the State. Like circumstances apply in most of the Dominions.

PLANS for giant airways of the future are taking concrete shape, and it has been authoritatively stated that women will be widely employed in the different branches of this work as flying stewardesses and in various clerical and administrative jobs at the airline stations which will materialise all over the world.

Farming and agricultural research also hold a promising future for women who are committed to an outdoor life. Farming in the future is to be a far more scientific affair than formerly. Which, in itself, opens a wider field in this sphere of employment for women, since the combination of science and machinery is making the work less laborious and more highly skilled.

SERVICE Discussion Groups have been debating the future of employment for women with avid interest. At one of these discussions the members were asked to make suggestions for new and interesting forms of employment for women with ideas and courage. Some were original and very practical, such as, for instance, the suggestion that, in the light of the great movement that is ahead of us in the sphere of home building and planning, women should be employed in advisory capacities by housing committees and local authorities.

Another woman, a children's holiday hotel. Her idea was to run a country house on the lines of an ordinary hotel, but exclusively for children whose parents could not, for any reason, have them home in the school holidays.

Flower-growing for market was agreed to be a promising and attractive career among many women whose preferences turned towards an outdoor life. Flowers alone seemed a bit speculative, but combined with market gardening, in a small way, it seemed to have distinct possibilities for hard workers.

Somebody with a yearning for travel and no money to indulge her fancy had decided to escort children and young people about the world in a sort of companion-chaperon capacity.

A girl with a fairly extensive experience in an English shop had the idea of offering her services in some foreign store to introduce English methods and English merchandise. Another, with a little money saved during her war service, had hopes of starting a small English decorating agency abroad. America seemed suitable. Here she proposes to advise housewives on English period decoration and, as her business grows, to sell characteristically British furniture and fabrics.

ALL very speculative and full of pitfalls, you may say, and so it is. But big things come from small beginnings. Only the women with the vision and the determination to put their dreams into the form of reality by pushfulness and hard work can break out of their small world and find fulfilment and experience in wider and more promising spheres.

HEART OF

The house of the future is every woman's topic. We discuss its every aspect, but throughout discussion it is the kitchen which engages the most attention. Here is the very heart of the home, the place where women work and set in motion all those activities which reflect themselves in every corner of the house. Whatever the new home may prove to be, the kitchen, we are resolved, must be improved. Architects and builders—in fact, all who plan for future home-building—must be convinced that only the best will do.

This American kitchen is a miracle of planning. A little ambitious for the immediate future, but stimulating as an objective. Everything is encased in glass. Shelves on the left have sliding glass doors. An electric cooking unit has a glass-enclosed oven and hot-plates on the same level. The sink has its own lighting.

(On left)
A sink with rounded corners and edges and a porcelain draining-board which is part of the whole unit. The mixer taps give hot or cold water separately or mixed at the required temperature.

(On right)
This shows one corner of a room lined with cupboards for food and equipment of every kind. On the right of the refrigerator is a kitchen cabinet, with porcelain cooking-slab which flaps down.

THE HOME

The luxurious, yet functional, kitchens of America have become a commonplace. We have discussed and envied them far too long. We are now resolved not only to possess them ourselves, but to improve upon them with our own ideas of comfort and necessity. This selection of pictures, both British and American, shows what the up-to-date kitchen can be like. They show it as a reality, which, without undue optimism, we may hope to achieve in the small home of tomorrow.

Another cleverly designed cupboard unit of unstained oak set into a tiled recess covers every reasonable requirement of storage space for the kitchen. The centre door gives access to the dining-room. The lower drawers are zinc-lined for storing flour and cereals.

(On right)
The American kitchen frequently has the cooker, sink and refrigerator built along one wall as a whole unit, as in this case, where the most up-to-date, stream-lined electric cooker is seen at the left of the picture joining up with a shining metal sink.

(Below)
Tiled walls and shelves lining the interior give an air of spaciousness and make this well-lit pantry immaculate, easy to clean and convenient to move about in. The refrigerator has been installed here to save space in the kitchen.

DE-RESTRICTION . . .

Of almost everything may come very soon. Already there is a welcome relaxation in certain spheres. It will be a happy day when all those tiresome restrictions of the daily routine are gone for ever, but, meanwhile, we must doggedly maintain our efforts because it is the last lap before the winning-post—that final, desperate spurt which makes success assured.

The fuel problem this winter calls, as in each of the war years, for every effort of economy that can be mustered. Coal is still the most important munition of war, and while the war lasts we must conserve it.

Let us hope that this will be the last winter of making one fire do in place of two; of using hot water as sparingly as ever; of renewing those worn fire-bricks behind the grate so that it takes less coal to keep the fire going. Perhaps this is the very last time we shall be checking over the light bulbs, making sure that worn ones are not wasting current; of nagging the family about switching off the light when a room is left unoccupied and—for one's own personal contribution—of watching the gas cooker constantly and never wasting heat in any form.

Let your enthusiasms for these, we hope the final economies of war, be stimulated by the thought that it won't be long before they depart for ever.

RHEUMATISM

RHEUMATISM is the most commonplace of all chronic complaints in these islands. The actual name, rheumatism, covers many different types of the disease, including acute rheumatism, which is usually a child's or an old person's serious illness; muscular pains, and joint pains.

We are not dealing with the acute type of rheumatism, or attempting to tell you how to deal with joints that have become gnarled and misshapen through years of rheumatism, but we will try to help you to attack the disease when it is at its first, twingy stage, and when a little care may be able to keep it in abeyance.

The most annoying thing about rheumatism is that, although it is now definitely associated with a toxic condition of the body (frequently blamed on a septic state of tonsils or teeth), the actual germ which causes the complaint has not yet been identified.

Damp and cold are known to aggravate the condition, so that, if you are at all worried with twinges, it is wise to take special care in these respects and avoid any routine that may let you remain in damp clothes or get soaking wet.

Next look to the toxin content of your body. Unwisely chosen food, septic teeth and tonsils, and imperfect elimination all increase the toxic contents of the body. By wise eating, see that you do not clutter up your system with acids and an unhealthy balance of starches and proteins. Eat many raw vegetable salads, little meat, potatoes, white bread and sugar. Fried foods, highly seasoned and spiced foods, pickles, sauces, alcohols, are all inclined to load the system with acid waste.

Hot water instead of tea before breakfast; a good glassful of effervescing mineral salts in the morning, anti-acid for preference; a day on fruit or vegetable juices only—these are good preventive measures against rheumatism. Tea and coffee are definitely not good if taken in strength and frequently. Smoking and alcohol are also bad. As general body-conditioners, exercises and fresh air are beneficial.

The next important step is massage of the joint or muscle affected. Massage will cause the blood to circulate and remove the accumulating poisons. Iodex or wintergreen ointment is often advised for this purpose.

Massage the seat of the trouble for five minutes, having the ointment as a lubricant, and work well into the joint or muscle that pains. In some cases, applied heat tends to lessen the pain too.

The other most helpful habit is the regular weekly or bi-weekly hot Epsom salts bath. Get the coarser type of Epsom salts that you can buy by the pound: use 1½ lb. to a hip-bath and 2 to 3 lb. for an ordinary-sized bath.

Have the water as hot as possible and just soak in it, keeping the water hot by additions of nearly boiling water from time to time. Stay in the bath for ten to twenty minutes. These baths should not be taken by those with heart trouble, those who cannot stand ordinary hot baths or the too elderly and weak. No soap must be used with these salt baths, and they should be taken last thing at night. They draw out the poisons in the surface tissues of the body.

A rheumatism-racked joint or muscle does not improve for being worked. Once the twinges have started, exercise is not advisable. Rest is the immediate need of the aching part. Exercise, as advised earlier, is general health-giving exercise for the whole body, with little stress on the joint or muscle that is troubling you.

If you find that you are starting twinges this winter, look to your diet, your health and your toxins as the winter progresses. But, in addition, remember to keep up your good habits through next spring and summer.

Three or four outstanding points need regular check-ups if you are to age gracefully, and perhaps not to age much at all for a few years.

The usual routine of facial care, cleansing, nourishing and toning is much the same as at thirty-five, with perhaps a little emphasis thrown on muscle oils and toning lotions.

You must watch your eyes. They will become dull, with unclear whites, perhaps even filmy, without special care. Lines can be helped with an astringent eye-cream which is in short supply but is still obtainable. No ordinary skinfood should be used over, nor even under, the eyes, although it can be patted into the crowsfeet at the corners.

Exercises are all-important; eye-washes are all-important (one a day, please). So are eye-pads. And keep clean internally, keep the liver active and in order to prevent any yellowing of the eye-whites. You really can keep your eyes younger than your age if you give them these attentions.

The next red-light point is your chin and neck. Muscle oil can be worked in—you can still get a good one if you are lucky; astringents must be slapped on with flaps of wetted cotton wool; chin-straps can be worn with great advantage—Elizabeth Arden still have some—but the most essential daily routine for your neck, whether it is too thin or too fat, lined or pouched, is exercise.

Exercise will stimulate the circulation and therefore keep the skin a better colour, whiter and fresher. It will strengthen sagging muscles, firm the flesh tissues, tone the muscles and keep up the odd chin.

Then your posture. Waists are apt to disappear, spines stiffen, posture become fixed. Learn to do the great relaxing, sinuous, twisting exercise. Start at your finger-tips and wriggle the joints loosely. Then wriggle your hands, twist them round and round from the wrist, let the relaxed circular movement creep up into your elbows so that your lower arms are moving round and round easily, loosely.

Take the motion up even higher to your shoulder joints and shrug them around with just the same easy wriggle. Now let the action go down your body, so that you rotate your torso from your waist, from your

The Woman Of Forty-Five

HEALTH AND BEAUTY BY CHRYSIS

If you want help with your beauty troubles or further details of the exercises or routines mentioned in these articles, write to me at "Britannia and Eve," Commonwealth House, 1, New Oxford Street, London, W.C.1

hips and then as best you can from the knees.

Now, sitting down, wriggle your toes, rotate your ankles. Next let your knees swing the whole lower half of your leg around. When you have finished this routine, you should feel finely relaxed and supple. Do each movement for half a minute at least. Count the movements required and the time the whole exercise should take you. Then do it by the clock.

Now stretch yourself to your fullest height and relax easily into a good, straight posture, with ears over shoulders, shoulders over hips, breasts held high, but spine kept straight; stomach must be held in, tail should be tucked in, pelvis tilted forward, knees and feet should be straight.

Hands are your next danger-point. Never let them go for too long. A year's neglect will take a year to rectify, if it can be done at all, whereas a day or two for hand care each week will keep them smooth, white and young.

Give your hands nourishing cream at night, massaging it well into fingers and backs of hands: this will prevent the hands lining. After washing, rub in a disappearing lotion. The signs of hard work on palms are not attractive, but they are not a tell-tale of age and therefore need cause you no worry, although a little pumice-stone will keep the callouses under control.

From thirty-five to fifty you can wear your most vivid make-up, keeping rouge at a minimum, but after fifty keep the tone of your lipstick less vivid, more naturally red. Keep your powder shade as near your skin shade as possible, mascara only your top lashes and if you must use the eye-shadow, only use it lightly and towards your eyebrows. Keep the arch of your eyebrows fairly high, tweezing the hairs always from the underneath line of the brows. Keep to an upward hair style at least, around the front of your face. Face lines may be sagging slightly, so keep all other lines up to cancel these.

Although this is an article for the over-forties, it can well be taken as advice to be stored by the younger woman, because those features which are the danger-point of your maturity are also the points which need most care right through youth. A little daily attention over the years is more beneficial than months of constant care once neglect has set its seal upon your features.

HOME-MADE EYE-MASK

ONE of the best treatments for all eyes, whether lined, tired or strained, is a ten-minutes toes-up, with a soothing pad of herbs resting on the closed lids. Before the war, one could buy the most luxurious herbal eye-pads, but now it is almost impossible to get any. You can, however, make your own herbal eye-pads.

Shape your muslin like a pair of spectacles, with two little empty cushion-covers over each eye (and leave a tiny filling-hole in the stitching of each side). Having made several of these, pick your petals or leaves and dry them. Remove sticks and stems and pack the remaining herbs into the little cushion-covers. Put them away in an airtight box.

The following mixtures are soothing and slightly astringent:

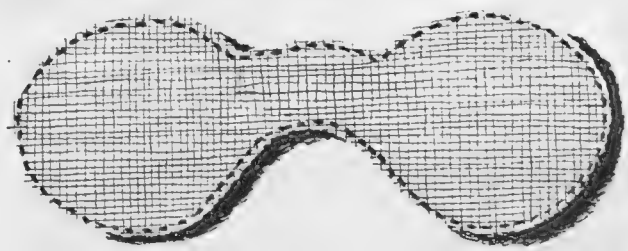
Dried flower petals of roses, marigolds, camomile-flowers, lavender and any of the small-petalled flowers—a type of potpourri mixture.

Dried camomile-flowers, thyme, sage and lavender, mixed.

Dried anemone-petals, celandine-petals, sloe-leaves, parsley, lovage, eyebright. These can be mixed, or you can take any one of the herbs and use it alone.

Tea-leaves that have once been used can be packed, when dry again, into the cushions and used once or twice as eye-packs.

All these little pads, when you are about to use them, should be dipped into hot water and then laid on the closed lids; as they cool off, they can be re-dipped. After you have been lying down for five or ten minutes, dip a tiny pad of cotton wool in cold eye-lotion and rest on the lids for a moment before rising. Each pad can be used a few times.



LEATHER PERMITTING

SUÊDE and leather skins are plentiful in the shops, and couponless. This satchel bag is easy to make.

As the skins vary in size, it is advisable to make a paper pattern from the diagram and take it along to the shop, so as to choose your skins accordingly. A half-yard of canvas for stiffening and the same amount of silk is sufficient, if a lining is to be used. This, however, can be dispensed with if the heavier type of skin is used.

Use a glover's needle and strong thread for sewing.

The raw edges of the skin are laid together and sewn with long, even stitches. With the thinner type of skin and most suèdes it is possible to use the machine, which, of course, is stronger and neater, unless you are very accurate with your hand-sewing. When stitching by machine, use a larger stitch than for sewing on fabric.

Following the diagram, draw the outline on stiff paper and cut it out. Now lay the pieces of the pattern on the wrong side of the skin, chalk round them very carefully and cut them out with a very sharp knife or with scissors. Cut the strap double.

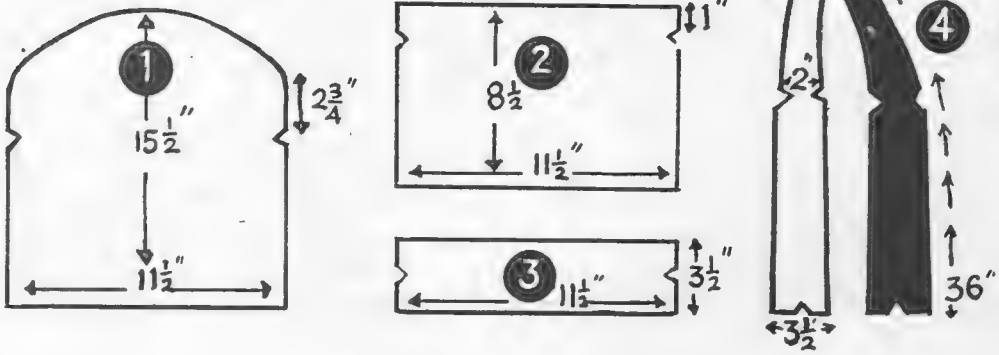
If a canvas interlining is being used, cut this exactly the same size as the skin. The silk inner lining should be a half-inch wider all round to allow for turning in.

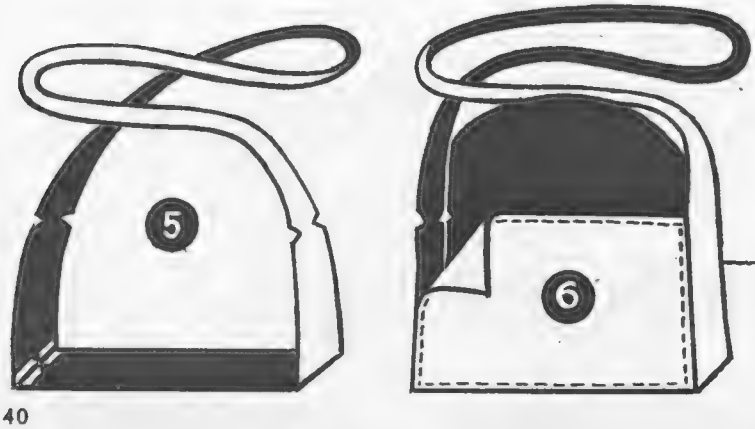
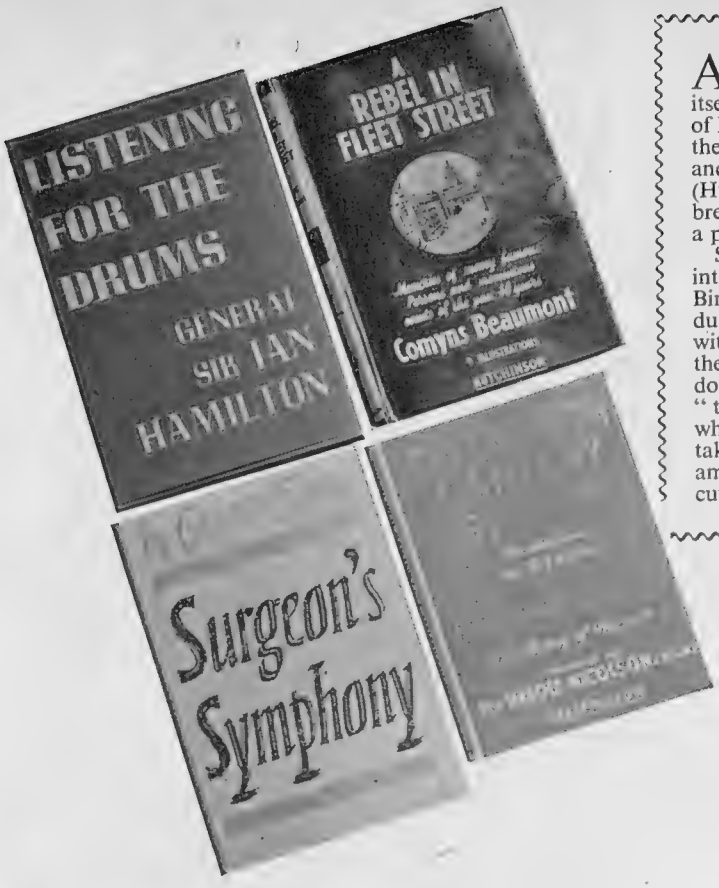
When using a stiffening, gum the corresponding pieces of canvas to the wrong side of the skins before starting to sew. Use the gum sparingly so that it does not spread over the edges of the skin. Let it dry thoroughly before proceeding.

Before attaching any lining, sew snap fasteners at each corner of the flap front and at corresponding points on the lower front of the bag.

Turn in and press the edges of the silk lining, making each piece fit to the edges of its corresponding piece of skin. Tack at the edges.

Join the two ends of the strap (Figure 4) to the base of the bag (Figure 3), as shown in Figure 5. Make sure that the notches come together. Sew through the three thicknesses of skin, canvas and lining. Next join the front (Figure 2) to the strap and base. Before attaching the back (Figure 1), crease the front flap forward at the notches on either side.





"BYSTANDER" LOOKS BACK

A TOP-LINE journalist touches life and politics at source and peak. His best "stories" never get into the Press because they concern the Street itself—and every trade has its secrets. There are, for instance, the relations of Press Lords with their editors, questions of policy and finance, the strings they pull on world events. Mr. Comyns Beaumont, creator of *The Bystander* and other notable ventures, calls himself "**A Rebel in Fleet Street**" (Hutchinson, 16s.), because he often had to fight for independence and breathing-room under these conflicting influences, and is consumed with a passion to spill the inside story in the common interest.

So he has made his memoirs frank, argumentative, revealing, with intimate close-ups of public figures like Northcliffe, Rothermere, Southwood, Birkenhead ("F.E."), Zaharoff, Lady Houston, Marie Corelli, and Gerald du Maurier, his brother-in-law. He tells of the personal dealings he had with these and many others of note—especially Press proprietors—relates the more important to world happenings at the time, tries to be fair, but does not back-pat or whitewash. "This is what happened," he implies, "this was how I reacted, and how I regard it now. You must judge yourself who was right." That means he has written a real, live book which does take readers well behind the scenes. What is the use of writing sweet, amiable memoirs only about your friends, when you have such a chance to cut back on your enemies?

Books: *Reviewed by Trevor Allen*

WHO that knew them can forget the days when war was war and we fought Waziris instead of Nazis, fuzzy-wuzzies instead of buzz-bombs? Not warrior Winston Churchill, whose first impulse, on the fall of Bardia in '41, was to wire his old co-campaigner, General Sir Ian Hamilton: "I am thinking of you and Wagon Hill when another January 6th brings news of a fine feat of arms." The second volume of Sir Ian's memoirs, "**Listening for the Drums**" (Faber, 18s.) throbs with old battles in the tuppence-coloured plate tradition. We see Winston, in a characteristic letter, charging the Dervishes at Omdurman. A frontier memory of '75 records that "Keek Sahib (Major Charles Keyes) ordered his two formed battalions to stand by the guns; drew his sword, and ran out very fast to engage the Waziri Chief in full view of the opposing hosts." That was how they fought in that now legendary past, which Sir Ian revives so vividly. Battles apart, there is a glimpse of the wily Winston, in Lavery's studio, pretending to sketch painter and sitter, but actually doing a malicious caricature of the son of Marcus Samuel, oil magnate; of Kipling, with Sir Ian's help, trying to sell his first story, "The Mark of the Beast," which prompted critic William Sharp to write: "I would like to hazard a guess that the writer is very young and that he will die mad before he has reached the age of thirty." Other celebrities crowd this stirring chronicle, but it is the battle-pictures which will commend it to Aldershot, Bagshot, and all the other big shots who were boys when he was a boy and remember Afghanistan, Majuba, Mandalay, the Nile, Chitral and All That . . . Critics should not write on such a book; they should Present Arms.

WHEN a Russian Grand Duchess, booked for an urgent operation, breezes into Mr. George Sava's Harley Street consulting room and says her husband insists that they first get a second opinion from a faith healer of the Rasputin breed—well, it may be bad for Mr. Sava's temper, but good for his case-book. In "**Surgeon's Symphony**" (Faber, 8s. 6d.) he makes a lively study of these Russian aristocrats and Father Pyotr, who presumes to be able to diagnose by pitching a sacred golden arrow at a colour-chart of the human organs—in short, by dart-throwing. Nazi Germany is the starting-point of another absorbing case history recorded by his facile pen, which would make his characters more convincing if it did not credit them with such long literary speeches. Here, nevertheless, is drama graphically presented by a surgeon of souls as well as bodies.

DR. POLLOCK, late Bishop of Norwich, was a distinguished prelate. He took over the headmastership of Wellington when it was in the dumps and made it one of our great public schools. He had close contacts with Edward VII as founder president of the governors. He stood for the traditional usages of the Church of England, and waged a doughty campaign against the New Prayer Book of 1928. Incidentally, he once hit a policeman in Regent's Park; but that was when, as a boy, he had quaffed a wineglassful of audit ale, and it had no serious repercussions, except to help him towards total abstinence. "**Twentieth Century Bishop**" (Skeffington, 12s. 6d.) embodies his autobiographical recollections and reflections, with Foreword by Mr. Harold Nicolson who knew him at Wellington. It is a sage, devout book, rounded by these exquisite words of his widow about their beloved Wenhaston: "And there, below his cottage home, in the quiet churchyard where he had so often walked and prayed, with the marshes and the willows near by, and the wide Suffolk skies overhead, is laid to rest all that could die of a great and gentle spirit."

MR. FRANK SWINNERTON is a master of the family chronicle. In "**A Woman in Sunshine**" (Hutchinson, 9s. 6d.) he delineates the serene Letitia Boldero and her family—Kensington, upper middle, the husband with a declining practice as barrister. But there is shade as well as light. One wayward son rushed into marriage (*Continued on page* 61)

Casual Cardigan

MATERIALS

10 oz. Emu Unshrinkable 3-ply wool; 6 button moulds; No. 9 needles (and No. 11 for buttons).

MEASUREMENTS

Round bust, 35 ins.; sleeve seam, 18 ins.; length, 22 ins.

TENSION

8 sts. and 10 rows to 1 in.

THE BACK

Cast on 114 sts. Work the following pattern :—

1st row.—* K. 2, p. 2; rep. from * to end, ending k. 2.

2nd row.—* P. 2, k. 2; rep. from * to end, ending p. 2.

Rep. these 2 rows until 6 are worked.

7th row.—As 2nd.

8th row.—As 1st.

Rep. these last 2 rows until 6 are worked. You are thus working k. st. over p. st., and p. st. over k. These 12 rows form the patt. Rep. them until there are 6 ins. worked. Now m. 1 st. at beg. and end of next and every 4th row after until there are 138 sts. Work straight until side seams are 15 ins. K. 2 tog. at beg. and end of every row until there are 116 sts. Work straight until armholes are 8 ins. round curve. Cast off 7 sts. at beg. of every row 12 times, leaving 32 sts. Work st.st. for 1½ ins. Cast off.

THE LEFT FRONT

Cast on 72 sts. Work the patt. on first 56 sts. and work last 16 sts. k. **Next row.**—P. 16, * k. 2, p. 2; rep. from * to end.

Continue to keep 16 sts. at front edge in st.st. all up work. When there are 6 ins. worked, m. 1 st. at beg. of every 4th row at opposite side to st.st. border until there are 84 sts. Work straight until side seams are 15 ins. K. 2 tog. at armhole edge on every row until there are 11 decreases made here. Now keep armhole edge straight and k. 2 tog. on the first (*Continued on page* 62)

ABBREVIATIONS

K. = knit; p. = purl; m. = make; s. = slip; st. or sts. = stitch or stitches; tog. = together; beg. = beginning; w. fd. = wool forward; patt. = pattern; rep. = repeat; ins. = inches; st.st. = stocking stitch; dec. = decrease or decreasing; inc. = increase or increasing.

Slimming Sweater

MATERIALS

8 oz. Sirdar Super Shetland 3-ply; 4 buttons; No. 9 and No. 11 needles.

MEASUREMENTS

Round bust, 34 ins.; length, 20 ins.; sleeve seam, 18 ins.

TENSION

7 sts. and 9 rows to 1 in.

THE BACK AND FRONT

Start at join of yoke on No. 9 needles and work downwards, making 2 pieces as follows :—

Cast on 56 sts. * Work 4 rows k.

5th row.—K. twice into first st. K. to end, ending k. 2 tog.

6th row.—P.

Rep. these 2 rows until there are 10 worked, making 14 rows from beg. Rep. from * until there are 3 ins. down side of work. Now continue to k. twice into the 5th, 7th, 9th, 11th and 13th rows as before, but instead of dec. at the end of these rows, k. twice *also* into the last st., until there are 72 sts. Now work the patt. as in the beg. so that number of sts. remains at 72, for 3 ins. Now continue to inc. at beg. of rows, but k. 2 tog. twice instead of once at end of every other k. row as follows :—

* Work 4 rows k.

5th row.—K. twice into first st. K. to end, ending k. 2 tog.

6th row.—P. **7th row.**—K. twice into first st. K. to end, ending k. 2 tog., k. 2 tog. **8th row.**—P.

Rep. 5th, 6th, 7th and 8th rows. Now rep. 5th and 6th again, making the 14 rows of patt. Continue these 14 rows from * so that a slope inwards to waist is produced, until there are 60 sts. With right side of work facing, cast off 10 sts. at beg. of every other row, working other edge as usual until there are no sts. left. These pieces form left half of front and right half of back. For right half of front and left half of back make all shaping at right side instead of left, starting 5th row of pattern as follows : K. 2 tog., k. to end, (*Continued on page* 62)

Dress:

BY JEAN BURNUP
Editor Women's Department

Four photographs expressing the current styles in basic clothes.

There is a gradual softening of the silhouette, a breakdown of the angular, civilian-uniform feeling of the past few years.

Rounded collars and lapels occur on suits and top coats, tailored suits have casual, cardigan-line jackets, which look well with severe shirts or front-ruffled blouses. Town coats are dressy with little roll collars, gathers, brilliant buttons.

Woollen jumper suits have hip-length tops, often unbelted, with a shaped waistline, or the waist defined by drapery.

Welcome change from the shirt top neckline is the little roll collar, or the dipping, draped neckline, fastening there, and down the front, with little fabric bows.

Afternoon dresses are prettied-up with ruffles, gathers, drapes, and show a cross-over, one sided movement.

1. Soft grey tweed, irregularly striped in white and cerise, makes an elegant, all-purpose suit with a cardigan line jacket, a slim, box-pleated skirt. The horizontal of the fabric, edging the fronts and pockets, makes a quiet, telling detail. *Matita.*

2. Classic, double-breasted top coat, in heavy herringbone lime green tweed, with handsome revers, comfortable rounded pockets, a half belt and two pleats in back. (Also obtainable in browns, rust, ice blue.) *Harella.*

3. Unrelieved black crepe, subtly shaped, draped and gathered into a suave, one-sided dress of all time. *Rima.*

4. Tailored in the new, graceful manner, a nigger brown woollen town coat with high, rounded revers, and slight bodice fullness gathered into a front yoke and each side of the waist. Enhanced by three gilded plaque buttons. *Dereta.*

Stockists and prices forwarded on application.

M E N U S

MONDAY	*Mixed Casserole* *Mashed Potatoes* *Jam Pancakes*	*Cauliflower au gratin* *Ginger Biscuits*
TUESDAY	*Braised American Pork* *Slices of Potato* *Carrots and Onions Mixed*	*Cold Meat Cakes and Mixed Vegetable Salad*
WEDNESDAY	*Macaroni Cheese* *Fried Tomatoes* *Stewed Apples*	*Vegetable Soup* *Savoury Pancake*
THURSDAY	*Salmon Rissoles* *Potato Hash* *Rice Cakes*	*Consommé* *Potato and Onion Salad* *Cheese and Biscuits*
FRIDAY	*Pork Moulds* *Piquant Garnish*	*Sardine Salad* *Rice Mould with Prunes*
SATURDAY	*Stuffed Cabbage Heart* *Sugo Sauce* *Baked Apples*	*Leeks on Toast* *Dried Fruit* *Cake*

RICE CAKES. *Take half of the rice cooked in milk (the other half being in a mould ready for eating with prunes or other fruit) and incorporate 2 eggs (dry) and cinnamon to taste. Form into cakes, egg and breadcrumb and fry quickly on both sides. Serve hot with golden syrup.*

STUFFED CABBAGE HEART. *Remove the outer leaves and stalk, and boil for 10 minutes. Strain and allow to cool off. Open carefully the leaves and stuff with a mixture of mashed vegetables, rice, and anything in the meat line you happen to have left. Don't forget the fried onions. Stand in a roasting dish with ½ oz. of lard and the sugo sauce (see right) and leave in a moderate oven for 1 hour. When reheating, pour over a further cupful of sauce and leave in the oven for 20 minutes.*

Although the preparation of appetizing dishes does take time, precious minutes can be saved by careful planning. "Cooking Ahead" is the answer. It is possible to eat well for a week with only a few hours' work on two days out of the six. (We do not count Sundays as most people have a joint on that day.) Here, then, is a workable scheme, with Monday and Thursday as "Cooking Days" and the rest of the week "Reheating Days."

Make 2 pints of household milk. Make a brown sauce with 1 oz. of margarine, 3 dessertspoonfuls of flour and 1 pint of water in which four meat cubes have been dissolved.

Make a white sauce; same as above only using milk instead of the stock.

Wash, peel, and boil enough

potatoes for your family for the period (three days on Monday and the same on Thursday).

Do the same to any vegetables you fancy (not onions, as they must be cooked fresh each time, though left-overs are always useful for mixing purposes).

Mince any remaining meat over from the joint.

Don't keep fresh fish more than twenty-four hours. I am not including it in these recipes for that reason.

On Monday boil 2 cupfuls of macaroni, on Thursday 2 cupfuls of rice in water and 2 in sweetened milk.

Tinned foods must be opened as required and are better not kept open for more than twenty-four hours uncooked.

Keep all your vegetable and potato waters for soups.

Pancakes keep well and can be filled with almost anything.

October Specials

JELLIED APPLES

Cut into quarters 2 lb. of hard apples; cover with 2½ pints of water and bring to the boil. Let simmer for 20 minutes before straining over a bowl, leaving the apples on the sieve for a further 20 minutes to catch all the liquid possible. Let the liquid then stand for ½ hour to clarify and pass it through a muslin. To 1 pint of this allow 1 lb. of sugar and proceed as for any jam until almost set, then add 1 lb. of hard, eating apples (preferably Cox's) peeled, cored, and cut into small cubes. When the fruit becomes transparent and a final test reveals the jelly as sufficiently set, remove and pour into clean jars.

TOCANA

Melt 1 oz. of lard in a frying pan and add 4 chopped onions and any remaining meat cut into squares. When the onions are golden brown add 1 dessertspoonful of flour, mix, and pour in little by little 1 cupful of water, 1 of tomato purée, and season to taste. Serve with macaroni, rice, or mashed potatoes.

ROMAN GNOCCHI

Boil 2 cupfuls of household milk then add 2 oz. of margarine, 4 oz. of semolina, 2 tablespoonfuls of grated cheese and a tiny pinch of nutmeg. Cook until it thickens, stirring all the time. Remove from the flame, mix well in 2 dried eggs (dry), turn out and spread flat and leave until cool. Grease the bottom of a fireproof dish, sprinkle with grated cheese and two tablespoonfuls of milk. Cut the paste into squares, arrange in the dish, dust with a little more cheese, leave in the oven for 10 minutes and serve in the dish.

A WORD OF CAUTION

We draw readers' attention to the word "laurel" in last month's recipe for pickled green tomatoes. It is, of course, "sweet laurel" (bay). Ordinary laurel is only used in highly specialized cooking.

MIXED CASSEROLE AND MEAT CAKES

Put in a casserole 1½ cupfuls of each vegetable prepared, 4 potatoes cut in half, your meat left-overs, minced with 1 onion, 1 teasponful of herbs, salt, pepper, and 2 reconstituted dried eggs, half of which is rolled into balls the size of a nut and fried. Cover the balls and vegetables with brown sauce. Reheat for 20 minutes in a medium oven. At the same time prepare the cold meat cakes by flattening the rest of the meat into individual portions and frying.

CAULIFLOWER AU GRATIN

Chop the cooked stalks but leave the flowerets whole. Sprinkle the vegetable thinly with grated cheese before covering with the white sauce and a final heavy sprinkle of cheese. Reheat for 20 minutes.

GINGER BISCUITS

Mix ½ lb. of self-raising flour with 1 teaspoonful of ginger and 2 dessertspoonfuls of sugar. Melt together 1 heaped tablespoonful of golden syrup and 1½ oz. of lard or margarine. Pour this over the flour and work well, moistening very slightly if too crumbly. Roll out thinly, cut into rounds with a form and bake in a moderate oven for 10-15 minutes.

BRAISED AMERICAN PORK AND PORK MOULDS

Chop finely the contents of a tin of American pork, adding 6 oz. of sausage meat; then mash, adding 1 reconstituted dried egg. Divide the mixture in two and roll one half into the form of a thick slab. Place in a roasting tin with 1 oz. of fat and bake in a medium oven for 30 minutes. When reheating, pour over two cupfuls of stock and leave for 30 minutes in the oven surrounded by the cooked sliced potatoes, onions and carrots.

With the other half of the meat fill individual moulds, cover each with a small lump of fat and bake for 30 minutes. When reheating add a small piece of fat.

STEWED APPLES

Try sweetening the apples with a tablespoonful of golden syrup when cooking instead of sugar and add a pinch of cinnamon.

VEGETABLE SOUP AND CONSOMMÉ

Mix the potato and vegetable waters and reboil for 1 hour with cabbage leaves, celery stalks and bacon rind. Strain. Take half the quantity and thicken with a roux, adding a few mixed, cooked vegetables five minutes before serving.

If your joint had a bone, add it to the other half of the liquid and reboil slowly for 20 minutes. This will make an excellent consommé, either hot or cold.

FILLINGS FOR SAVOURY PANCAKES

(*a*) Tinned salmon mixed with a little white sauce.

(*b*) Chopped liver sausage and fried onion.

(*c*) The mixture as for welsh rabbit.

POTATO AND ONION SALAD

Slice the cooked potatoes finely and mix in raw, chopped onions and salad cream. Garnish with parsley. Mix a larger quantity of the potatoes than you need to be used with the pork moulds as:

PIQUANT GARNISH

Which is merely the potato salad put in a fireproof dish, sprinkled with a little horseradish and heated in the oven for 20 minutes.

SARDINE AND RICE SALAD

Chop the contents of a sardine tin, removing the bones; wash the rice cooked in water in plenty of cold water and mix with the fish. Chopped cold leeks arranged round the dish are an improvement.

SUGO SAUCE

Is simply four small, chopped tomatoes and two chopped, raw onions, added to the brown sauce.

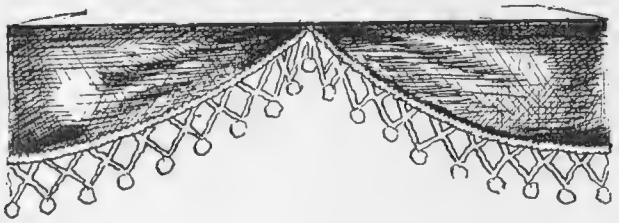
DRIED FRUIT CAKE

Rub 3 oz. of lard in 6 oz. of self-raising flour and add 3 oz. of finely chopped dried fruit (figs and dates are the best but not always obtainable), 2 eggs (dry), 7 tablespoonfuls of milk and 3 drops of rum essence, and 2 oz. of sugar. Bake for 45-60 minutes in a medium oven.

N.B.—When making a dish from macaroni already cooked, it will be found necessary to boil it for a few minutes to remove stickiness.

By Harriet Muir

Shelve It



Where cupboard space is limited, shelves make a practical substitute, so long as they are well made and strategically situated to add decoration and to give service

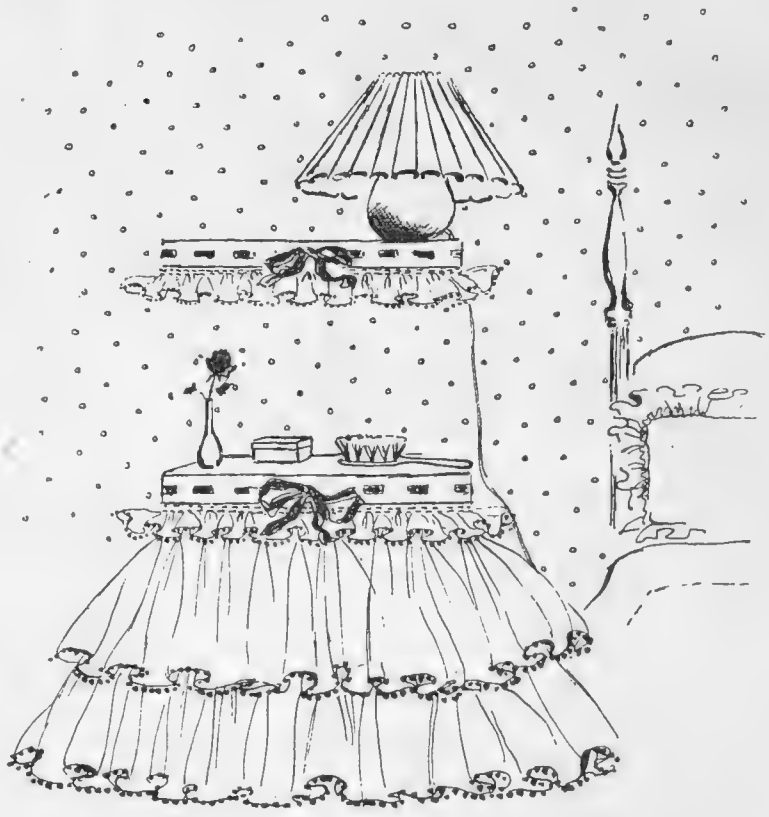
AN engagingly feminine bedside table with really practical features can be built up around two simple shelves attached to the wall at the right height in contrast to the bed.

The upper shelf is fairly narrow. Sufficient, in fact, to hold a lamp and books if they are required. The lower shelf is wider—about fourteen inches deep—and has a narrow rack fitted underneath, for odds and ends concealed behind the frilly drapery.

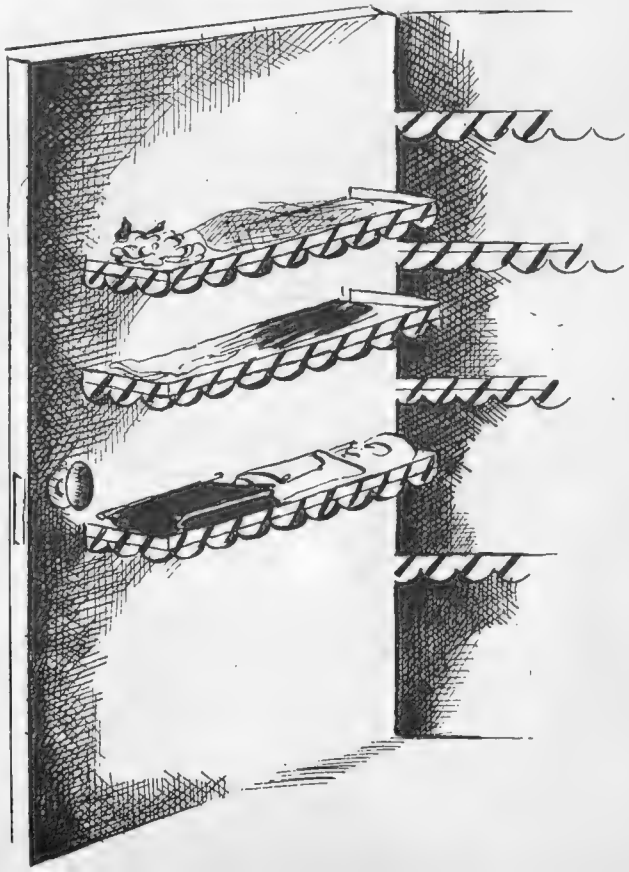
The top surface of each shelf is painted. The flounces, which are quite easy to make, are first mounted on a sateen or cotton base. Spotted muslin, edged with a narrow fringe or with a coloured bias binding, is very delicately mounted over a coloured lining.

In the sketch a ribbon to match the edging has been slotted through the top hem before the flounce is attached. Cretonne or any suitable curtain material can be substituted for the muslin. An old curtain or bedspread can be cut up for the purpose, if nothing else is available.

The flouncing should be completely made to measure before it is attached to the shelf. This is done with small tacks which can be concealed beneath the ribbon. The top hem will stand up more easily if a stiffening of canvas is laid under the lining.



SHELVES on either side of the kitchen sink, as shown in the sketch on the left, store cleaning materials which so often clutter the draining board. The curtains which draw across both shelves and window are on a curtain rail fitted to a pelmet board which brings the curtains forward sufficiently to clear the shelves.



THE space inside a cupboard can be utilized for shelving if these are fitted in such a position on the inside of the cupboard door that they come into the spaces between the shelves inside the cupboard.

The arrangement sketched right is for a bedroom cupboard and is designed to hold scarves and stockings, handkerchiefs, gloves and those smaller items which are often difficult to keep in good order in a dressing-table drawer.

In each case a scalloped trimming of chintz, slightly stiffened on the inside with canvas or any thick material to keep it flat and in position, has been tacked around the edges of the shelves. Any strips of coloured cotton, silk or flower material will do for this trimming.

The same method can be adopted in a bathroom cupboard for small toilet articles and shaving tackle. In this case the shelves can be divided into small sections. A narrow beading is fixed around the edges of the shelves standing up from the surface. Between the inside of this beading and the back of the shelf strips of wood are fitted at intervals to keep the contents of the shelf in place when the door is moved.

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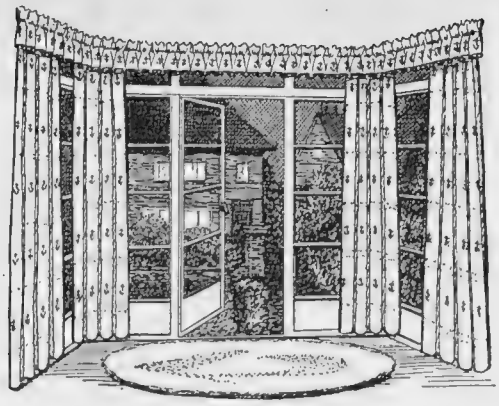

Now that new curtains are so rare a luxury it is more important than ever to have them finished with Rufflette Curtain Tape. In spite of all restrictions supplies are still available at nearly all the leading furnishing and drapery shops.

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By Louisa Kay

Sweet Restorer

SLEEP, more than any other thing, is a blessing, the full value of which one only appreciates when it is hard to get.

Sleep is a preoccupation with many who have never before suffered the nerve-racking experience of insomnia. Enemy activity, night duty, the condition of over-tiredness which years of war work, queueing, waiting, strain and sustained anxiety have brought in their train are each responsible for the problem which besets so many of us now. "How can I get more sleep? Or, at least, how can I deal with the effects of not having it?"

An essential step towards countering the ill effects of not sleeping is to worry less about it. That sounds harsh, perhaps, but it is a fact that the psychological effect of anxiety is an important factor in increasing the ill effects.

When you are feeling nervy and looking haggard from fatigue, your condition can be attributed as much to tension stimulated by your state of mind as to the actual loss of sleeping time.

If we can accept the fact that physical and mental relaxation, whether or not one is actually unconscious in sleep, is refreshing we worry less about sleep and, for that reason, find it easier to capture.

If your particular sleeping problem arises from the fact that you are overtired from strenuous work, try relaxing during the day. At your work, perhaps in the lunch hour, sit down (better still, if you can, lie down), let every muscle in your body go slack. Take a deep, easy breath to begin with and then slacken the tension of every limb separately. Start with your hands, one at a time, your arms, your feet, and then your legs. Think of their weight and the weight of your whole body, even your head resting on whatever happens to support them. Let everything go. Close your eyes and stop thinking.

It takes practice to relax your brain completely, so at first try thinking of something pleasant and easy. Keep this up for a quarter of an hour at least.

It sounds too simple to be of value, but when you have learned the art of relaxation in this way, you will appreciate its wonderful recuperative powers.

At night, in bed, fitful or unrefreshing sleep may be due to a number of simple causes. Something heavy in the diet may be causing a digestive disturbance. That cup of tea before bed could be the cause.

If you are a nervy sort of person, any excitement before bedtime may keep you awake. A stimulating book, a discussion or argument which has whipped up your thought processes at a late hour, can be responsible for that wide-awake feeling. So start relaxing before bedtime. Keep quiet, mentally and physically. Take a warm, not hot, bath and drink a glass of warm milk before settling down for sleep.

Outdoor exercise is probably the finest known stimulant to sleep, especially if your fatigue is more nervous than physical. With an indoor job which puts a strain upon your nerves without compensating physical activity, the best cure for bad sleeping is to get out at the week-ends; to walk or work in the open until you are so tired that sleep comes effortlessly.

In winter, keep bedclothes as light and warm as possible. Heavy blankets interfere with restful slumber. Make the pillows higher if you find it difficult to get off to sleep. This is sometimes effective because it keeps the blood from the head and induces a somnolent condition.

Sleeping draughts should only be resorted to under the strict control of a doctor. Many of them are harmless and effective and, given in the right quantities and under proper supervision, induce sleep for a few nights and thus allow the system to recover the habit of relaxation.

See your doctor about this if wakefulness has become a chronic habit, but don't resort to it until you have exhausted all other possibilities. Remember that a quiet mind and a relaxed body are the best of all inducements to sleep.

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"Naval Occasions"

A privilege of the Royal Navy is to remain seated when drinking the Royal Toast. So far from implying any disrespect, this privilege is a reminder of the days of the old wooden walls where quarters were frequently so cramped that officers and men could not stand up without bumping their heads! The quarters are vastly improved today but the jealously guarded privilege remains.

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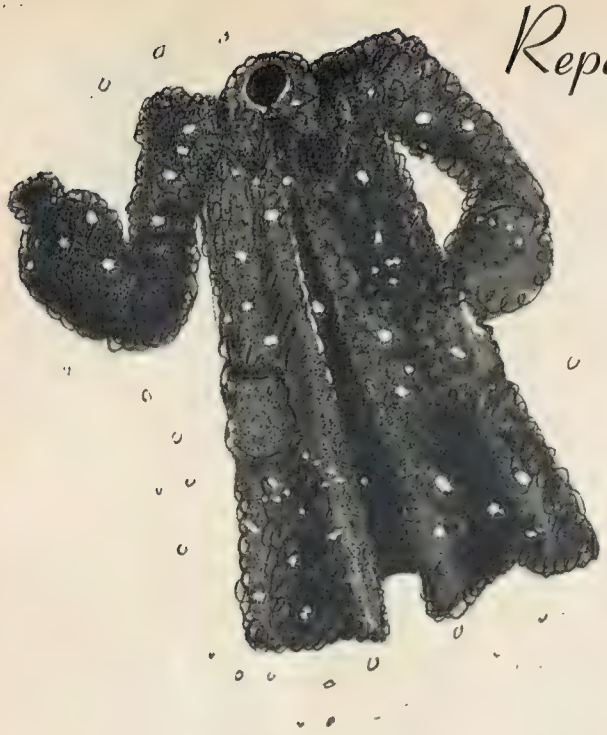

Repair Your Own Fur Coat

ANY day now I shall take a walk around the big stores and look at the fur coats. This is partly to indulge a purely romantic illusion that I might buy one, partly self discipline; a measure, in fact, to convince myself that my old fur coat is still a better proposition than any of those.

After this, I shall go home and try to make it come true.

If I had thought of it three months ago I could have turned the whole business over to a furrier, but I omitted to do this, so the alternative to wearing a once-good coat that now looks like a starving cat just in out of the rain is to do it myself.

Fur renovating by home process does work out. Given enough time and thoroughness and the right cleaning materials, it is not so formidable as it may seem.

First step is to take out the lining and wash it. This has to be done carefully in warm soapy water so that the fabric does not shrink and land you with a lining several inches too small for the coat.

If the lining has worn threadbare at the turnings, as it frequently does, it can be strengthened by machining bias binding along the worn edges before replacing it. If the coupon situation permits, buy new material and cut a new lining, with the old one as a pattern.

Splits in the coat often prove to be in the joins between the skins. When the lining is removed and the coat turned on the wrong side, these and other weak places can be easily seen.

Use a glover's needle to sew these together. Lay the parted edges of the skin together and oversew them neatly with a thin strong thread.

Cuffs that are worn down to the skin at the edges can sometimes be turned up just sufficient to hide the threadbare part without making the sleeves too short. If the coat is cut on full lines the front edges can also be turned in a fraction with the same result.

To clean the fur and restore its lustre, hang the coat out in the sun and beat it thoroughly with a thin cane to remove the dust which clings within the fur.

Now moisten some bran with hot water—dry powdered magnesia is good too if you can get it. Rub gently all over the surface of the fur and leave it lying flat for a few hours, then hang the coat outdoors again and beat thoroughly until all the powder or bran is removed. Brush thoroughly with a clean brush and the fur will be silky again.

And Now For Your Raincoat

CLEANING a shabby raincoat is another simple process which can be carried out at home.

Dirt and grease collects most around the front edges and the neck of the coat, so it is here that the most attention is needed.

Remove the lining of the coat, wash and press it carefully, as in the case of fur.

Lay the coat itself on a flat table out of doors and with clean soapy water scrub the soiled parts with a stiff nailbrush. Use as little water as possible so as not to swamp the material. Continue this process over the whole surface of the coat, keeping it as dry as possible.

Wash clean of the soap by wiping over the surface with a clean cloth wrung out in warm water. Do not soak the cloth with water.

Oilskin raincoats which have cracked or lost some of their proofing are improved by a treatment with boiled linseed oil.

Apply the linseed oil very thinly to the surface of the coat with a brush. Hang the coat out of doors to dry and repeat the process once or twice more. The drying should take place as quickly as possible, so it is best to choose a dry windy day for the treatment.

L. W.

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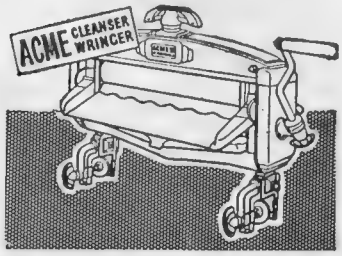
★ *The Acme Cleanser Wringer will not be on sale again until the war is over, but, when planning your future home, remember that Acme's rubber rollers will give you a whiter wash than ever.*



The Wise In Heart

(*Continued from page* 28)

new thing there is. Mother arrived with it under her arm one day. Everything is just the way it was, exactly."

"Penny, darling. That's just how I wanted it." His voice was suddenly grave. "Unchanged."

So she had been right about that, then.

She held him at arm's length and looked at him searchingly. There was a long deep scar across his temple right to the corner of his left eye. But he looked lean and fit and the hot South African sun had tanned him a healthy brown. The familiar hint of laughter crinkled round his mouth.

She fingered the pale mark of the scar, beside his eye.

"That's the cause of all the trouble," Jan said. "But they tell me it will eventually almost disappear."

She pulled him down on to the old bumpy couch and curled up on the floor at his feet so that her head rested on his knees.

"And I—do I look all right?" she asked.

She felt the touch of his hands on her hair, passing over her eyelids down to her shoulders. He caught hold of the funny big tassel at the throat of her frock. He bent and kissed her neck.

"You are exactly as I remembered you, Penny. And this is my favourite frock."

She was delighted. She had chosen specially to wear this old frock for him.

She caught his hands to her and for a while sat silent; content just to have him here. Real talk would come later: there was such a lot to be said that exchanging news would keep them busy for days, for weeks. It would all happen gradually. For the present she wanted to hear about the immediate things: had it been an uneventful convoy; what had the hospital said to him; what sort of journey south had he had; was all his luggage here?

"And the famous books, darling?"

He was excited.

"They're both accepted, Penny. It means a lot to me. You don't know how much."

He rose to his feet.

"I just want to say hullo to the rest of the place," he said.

His arm round her shoulders, they moved round the flat.

"There are your dirty old pipes, look, behind the clock," she said. "And I managed to get this lilac for you."

He bumped against the hot towel rail in the bathroom.

"Ouch!" he said. "I'd forgotten this place was quite so small."

She laughed.

"Penny, I think I'll have a shower. The train was so hot and stuffy. Turn it on for me, darling."

Presently she could hardly see him for the clouds of steam that filled the tiny bathroom.

"Darling," she called above the noise of the spray. "I thought it would be so much nicer to eat at home to-night. There's a chicken in the frig. that I wangled from Fortnum's, and guess what—daddy sent us his last long hoarded bottle of Veuve Cliquot!"

A muffled joyous shout greeted her.

She held out a warmed towel for him and went back into the bedroom, every nerve in her body quivering in swift eager suspense.

In a moment he came through to find her. His arms went round her, loving and strong; possessively; drawing her close against him. This was his real homecoming, sweet and lovely, and ecstatic, surpassing all remembered joy and all her dreams . . .

"Penny, Penny," his voice was low and soft and vibrant. "It's been such a long long time."

THE sunshine lay hot outside the open windows.

Quietly the shadows grew and crept across the flowers in the square garden below.

At length she stirred in his arms, awakening now to a sense of complete and absolute fulfilment. All the agonies and miseries and uncertainties were gone; all the dreary loneliness was washed away, leaving her relaxed, and soothed beyond measure.

She sat up and, turning, ran her fingers through his hair.

"What I want now," she said, "is some tea."

"Penny! How could you! Tea! With your father's champagne waiting."

She said smiling:—

"That's for later. Tea now. Be a darling and make us some while I have a shower."

"Lazy girl. Where's my dressing-gown?"

"You're lucky. I almost threw it out, it was so holey, but in the end I couldn't bear to—it's in the wardrobe, on the same old hook."

She lay watching him as he stumbled against a chair, eventually producing with pride his ancient dressing-gown.

She went into the bathroom and turned on the shower.

She was about to step under it when she remembered his mother's letter from Cornwall lying beside the lilac and went through to give it to him.

SHE paused in the kitchen doorway, staring. He had not heard her coming because of the noise the shower was making.

The frig. was open and he was groping in the space which usually held the milk bottle.

His other hand was almost touching the bottle which stood on top of the frig. where she had left it.

Couldn't the silly see it staring him in the face—couldn't . . .

In sudden, awful understanding she controlled somehow the cry that rose to her lips.

She leant, sick, against the door.

That great gash beside his eye, the typewritten letters, the orderly bringing him to the door, the stumble over the rug, his hands searching her face as she sat on the floor in the lounge, his relief that she had changed nothing . . .

Here was Jan home, and he was blind. Blind. Just like that. Blind.

SHE lived a thousand years in the next swift second.

Despair poured over her, fearful, smothering. She cried for him in her soul, searing dry tears that never reached her eyes. Her gay, proud Jan, with long years of darkness in front of him, long years of helplessness and dependency. Frantic thoughts swirled round her. Could Jan stand living in the dark for all the rest of his life? Would his nerves stand the strain? Would hers? How would they live? What would they use for money? What could a blind man find to do with himself all day, every day, for the rest of his life? This was the bitterness of war, blighting all life, blotting out the sun. . . . She had waited so long for this day—and what did it bring? Her hopes, her dreams smashed round her in dizzying tempestuous thunder that threatened to sweep her down, down into some roaring abysmal depth. . . .

As suddenly as it arose, the panic subsided.

In this same timeless moment her brain flashed clear. Jan was here, with her, safe. Surely that was the main thing. The blindness would be totally overcome. Jan himself had already met the evil more than half-way. What he had done, she also could do.

The first shocked terror was burnt out of the corner of her mind in the flare of instinctive understanding that leapt up within her. With swift certainty she knew how Jan had worked out everything before he came home. He had fought his battle, alone, and won through. Those books were proof to himself, and to her, that he could do useful work, creative work, work that he had never had time for before, work that he was good at, and enjoyed. His time would always be filled. There were fresh horizons, built of words, always waiting for him.

Above all, he loved her enough to trust her, to come to her, maimed as he was; loved her enough to know that she would always want him. And as (*Continued on page* 54)

"What is peacetime like?"

He has grown up in the biggest war of all time. He hasn't known what peace meant. It is going to be a strange and wonderful new world.

Whatever happiness 'after the war' has in store for him, one thing will count most—good health.

During wartime you have found how 'Milk of Magnesia' has helped to keep him fit and free from minor stomach troubles.

In the happier days ahead, 'Milk of Magnesia' will, even as now, be your stand-by—never absent from the medicine cabinet.

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It's more than a good soap—it's a good habit!

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HUMBER will be "the choice of the experienced motorist"

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PAROZONE makes linens and cottons immaculately white

No other method is so simple or so sure. Simply soak the washed clothes overnight in the Parozone solution—a teacupful of Parozone to eight gallons of *Cold* water—rinse and wring out in the morning, and they are ready to dry, snow white and fresh as the day they were bought.

AND PAROZONE IS USEFUL INDOORS AS WELL

For China, crystal and glass, plain white wood-work, enamelware—for sterilising and freshening the sink, the hand basin, drains and lavatory trap.

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Don't blame your suppliers if you can't get all the Parozone you want. Bear with us, please—we are doing everything possible to maintain supplies.

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Parozone must not be applied near the eyes.

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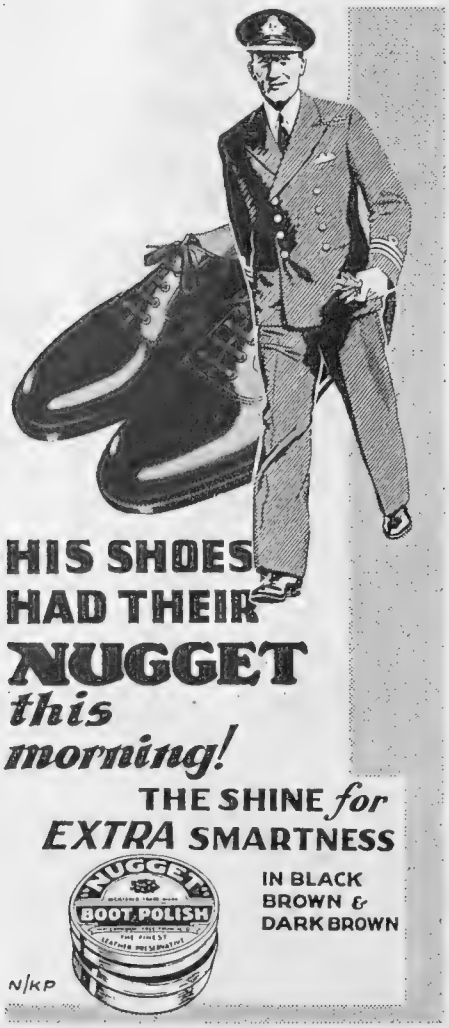

a reward for this trust, something in her had responded unconsciously to him and helped him already: the apartment unchanged, the frock with the tassel he could recognize, his dressing-gown hanging on the same old hook.

No, blindness wasn't too much of a defeat. He had shown her that: shown her that all the intimate things between them were unchanged, unhurt, lovely as ever. He had wanted her to know all that, before he told her.

The infinitesimal second passed, and she had lived through time and space; through the anguished realization, the terrified panic; through to this quiet calm. After all, she told herself, steadily, she had learnt through those other months there was nothing so bad she could not face it.

But she mustn't let him feel the least hint of the past panic. She must be gentle. She must show him that she knew, and accepted the blindness, and had courage to be unafraid: that lovely years still stretched beckoning before them.

Everything depended on what she did now.

The Wise In Heart

She must be perfectly normal, matter of fact. She looked again at his hand, lying on top of the frig., so near the unseen milk bottle.

Her shoulders straightened and her head lifted, meeting this new challenge.

She reached deep into her heart for the right words, the simple words, and found them.

She was crossing the floor to him now, speaking above the noise of the running water as she came, so that he might not be too startled.

"Darling," she said. "I hadn't time to put the milk away—I was tearing to meet you." She took his hand and guided it across the empty inch to where the bottle stood, white and soulless in its unawareness of its importance to them. "Here it is," she said, gently.

In utmost relief he held her tight against his heart, wordless. Penny had never failed him yet.

END

London's Opera House

(*Continued from page 20*)

The Recruiting Officer. A fortnight later she made herself the talk of the town by appearing in her famous breeches part of Sir Harry Wildair in *The Constant Couple*.

By now, Rich's fortunes were so secure that he began to leave most of the work of management to a syndicate, devoting his time to his many famous and wealthy friends. Hogarth especially was a particular intimate of the family, and painted many Covent Garden scenes for his friend, as well as a number of portraits of the younger Riches.

Eighteen hundred and three was another eventful, and fateful, year for the House in the Garden, for now commenced the era of the famous Kembles—John Philip Kemble as actor-manager and his sister, Mrs. Siddons, as peerless incomparable star. Children of the great strolling player and manager, Roger Kemble, they were both fated to add fame and lustre to a name already eminent in the world of the theatre. Mrs. Siddons was now at the height of her fame; acclaimed as the Queen of Tragedy by the critics; fêted and sought after by high society and adored by the masses.

In spite of such a unique combination of genius and talent of a high order, Kemble's fortunes were almost lost in 1808 through a disastrous fire which totally destroyed the theatre. A spark smouldering in wadding caused by the firing of a gun in a performance of *Pizarro* started the blaze. The alarm was given at 4 a.m. and by 6 a.m. the interior of the theatre was completely gutted. The roof fell in a few minutes later, allowing no chance for the workmen trapped inside to be rescued. Twenty-two people were killed.

This fire was a fearful blow to Kemble, but a subscription fund started immediately achieved wonderful results. The fund realized no less than £75,000 and was further augmented by a handsome gift of £10,000 from the Duke of Northumberland. These sums, together with £45,000 recovered from insurance, enabled rebuilding to start at once.

By September, 1809, the second Royal Opera House was built to the designs of Robert Smirke, jun.

Although so promptly provided with a new theatre, Kemble's troubles were by no means at an end. From the moment of its opening the new Royal Opera House aroused public hostility. It was claimed, quite unjustly, that accommodation was inferior and prices high. A period of hooliganism set in, supported by organized attacks led by the notorious rioter and trouble maker, Fitzpatrick, and in spite of large numbers of Bow Street Runners parading the theatre, the riots lasted for nearly a year.

The rising of the curtain was the signal for such a pandemonium to break out that the plays had to be given in dumb show. Rioters filled the pit, turned their backs to the stage and kept their large three-cornered hats on. A famous dance was also originated called the "O.P." This was a solemn "mark-time" step to the accompaniment of canes knocked on seats. A contemporary print shows the orchestra cowering over their music while rioters storm over their heads and on to the stage, armed with heavy clubs. Only when a number of the ringleaders had been arrested and sent to jail were the riots finally put an end to.

Eighteen hundred and ten saw a reversal of Kemble's and the theatre's fortunes when the season's receipts reached the record figure of £160,177. This was the beginning of a long run of financial success and between that year and 1821 the takings of the house amounted to over a million pounds. Year after year the theatre continued to prosper and expand, until in 1840 the staff had grown to 684—this figure included four policemen, a reflection on the peaceful times that followed the black year of hooliganism and rioting.

This period of peace in the history of the Royal Opera House came to a dramatic end in 1856. At the end of a grand *bal masque*, about five o'clock in the morning, smoke was seen pouring from the back of the stage. The orchestra, in a natural anxiety to escape from the theatre, played "God Save the Queen" as fast as they could and fled. The second fire raged for hours and once more the Royal Opera House was completely destroyed—this time happily without loss of life. Almost before the ashes of the old building were cold, it was announced that a new building would be built to the design of E. M. Barry, son of the architect responsible for the Houses of Parliament.

The new theatre, which stands to-day, was reopened in 1858 under the management of Frederick Gye, the most successful impresario England has ever produced. He was responsible for the introduction of many operas and singers into this country, including Patti, Lucca and Albani, and he continued to keep alive the great traditions of the Opera House until his death in 1878.

Musical and entertainment fame has been made many times at the Royal Opera House, for the history of the theatre has been as rich in microcosm as the history of England, of which it is a part. Thousands of operas have been produced in the Garden and thousands of artists have performed there. Great conductors have inspired famous orchestras by the genius of their batons, and the most celebrated singers the world has known have sung to packed houses—including Enrico Caruso, the greatest tenor in memory.

But to many people the bond that draws them closest to the old theatre in Covent Garden is the remembered sound of hundreds of children laughing together at the antics of Widow Twankey or a red-nosed clown. The "world situation permitting," we may hope to hear the children laughing again at the first post-war pantomime to be given in the Royal Opera House—if not this Christmas then surely in 1945!

END

NEWS for KNITTERS

Your favourite knitting wools (P&B, of course) are now made shrink-resisting by a new process exclusive to Patons & Baldwins Ltd.
All P&B knitting wools thus treated will be readily identified by a lozenge-shaped label, PATONISED. Look for it in the shops and, from now on, ask for P&B PATONISED knitting wools.

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SHRINK-RESIST PATONISED FINISH

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Whenever I see
hands in a stocking,
I think:
"Ah—

Aristoc!"

Sigh no more, lady. The fruits of victory will include a plentiful supply of lovely, clinging Aristoc. Meanwhile we are making the best possible wartime stockings—*Aristoc Utility*—and a few *Raystoc* and *Aristile*. Supplies are limited, but fair shares are distributed to all Aristoc dealers.

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GUARD YOUR TEETH...

...Night & Morning

The only way to keep your teeth safe from acid is by *regular* cleansing. However rushed you may be, you really cannot afford ever to neglect them. So every night and every morning clean your teeth thoroughly with Phillips' Dental Magnesia. This is the one toothpaste which contains 'Milk of Magnesia'*, recommended by dentists to combat acid in the mouth.
Get a tube of Phillips' Dental Magnesia this day and make sure to use it — night and morning.

Phillips' Dental Magnesia (Regd.)

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Traditional quality
OLD SCOTCH WHISKY
in original OLD FASHIONED FLASK

Unsurpassed in quality although restricted in distribution by scarcity of old stocks.

WILLIAM GRIGOR & SON
INVERNESS

GRIGOR for VIGOR

Smallholder

(*Continued from page 16*)

and his son Ron. After her second calf I could not get near her to milk; at least I could get near, but could not stay on the stool. Ron came over, quietened her, drew off the milk, and since then she has been a well-behaved cow. Then once or twice she has needed treatment for small illnesses; Farmer B administers this. What I am getting at is that I should not advise any novice to buy a cow unless his neighbour is a farmer.

We generally keep a few geese, though this year I sold the flock when they were fully fledged. Hatching geese eggs under a hen at 3s. to 4s. an egg is speculative; a great many are liable to be broken. We have always bought goslings. We start them off with a little potato and mash; after that they live off grass. Goslings are better kept out of hot sun until their wings have grown. This I learnt when I saw our birds reeling about at the end of a sweltering day.

"They have got spaddles," said Farmer B.

He lent me a pan used for washing mangolds. I sank it in the ground, filled it with water, and the goslings splashed in and out and recovered.

We have had successful egg production for two years from Rhode Island Reds. The secret of this is always to have in hand a few March or April hatched pullets. Many farmers' wives buy day-old chicks, if they do not do their own hatching; for us there would be the problem of special chick food, though as to that, last year one of Mrs. B's hens laid a clutch of eggs in a hedgerow, unknown to any one, and appeared back at the farm with a fine brood of chicks which she had raised herself.

Our orchard consists of fifty trees; about a third of these are cider apples; we have three pear trees; the rest are Blenheims, Bramleys, Morgan Sweets, and some big cookers. The first year we sold all the cider apples and a few eating apples, making £30; the second year was poor, giving only a quarter of the first year's yield of 4,500 lb. This year looks to be a bumper crop.

Working on the rick with Farmer B yesterday, I offered to trade my cider apples for a hogshead of his cider. Real farmhouse cider is a drink. It "warms your ears." Round these parts they make it in old-fashioned hand presses, as they have done for centuries. A raw onion and a bit of bread go well with it.

You can't make a living off four acres, but you can live for almost nothing, which is just as good. Our rates, tithe, and land tax for the whole estate are only £7 4s. per annum. One morning this spring, I thought: Who wants to make a living anyway? I had gone out to milk. Minnie was lying with her calf under the Beauty of Bath, laden with blossom, as were all the trees. I know nothing lovelier than an orchard on an early morning in May. The mare stood near, looking just what she is, a young chestnut thoroughbred. I steered Minnie to where I had put a few dairy nuts down and tied her up to the rails. I can't milk her standing loose, like many farmers do when their cows are out; she will walk about. Now tied up, and schooled by Ron the day before, she gave down what milk the calf had left, freely. It was more than enough for our needs, and as I carried the pail in and sat down to a breakfast of our own produce, our way of life seemed pretty generous.

It is not always so. People have said they would like to do just what we are doing. They say they would like to buy a little place in the country and look after it themselves. A few months before that May morning I came into the cottage and said to my wife: "Get me out of this dump; I can't stand another winter." That was at the end of January. Icy sleet was blowing across the orchard. I had been trying to milk Minnie with frozen fingers till the udder warmed my hands. I had been squelching through the partly frozen mud to the rick to cut hay. I had cut the hay and started back with the load balanced on my head, while the hungry beasts looked on. They would not let me make the gate. The mare charged Minnie, Minnie cannoned into me, and I fell sprawling in the mud, hay strewn everywhere. On those sort of mornings it is hard to enjoy farming, but taken over a level period of twelve months, I have never tried a form of life I liked more. I am by profession a writer and on a farm there is no one to tell you you can't write.

END

Old Mayfair

(*Continued from page 29*)

peopled with shades; against a background that is still so unchanged, these phantoms of another age can be visualized in their original setting—Lady Blessington, preparing to storm the town as a hostess, in Seamore Place; Madame d'Arblay, writing in Bolton Street; Beau Brummell at his elaborate toilette in Chesterfield Hill. In Half Moon Street lived lovely Emma Hamilton, in a house where her restless spirit is still reputed to appear; Clarges Street housed Edmund Kean; Sheridan lived at No. 10 Hertford Street, in 1793 (in 1810 he was in Queen Street nearby) and the notorious courtesan Kitty Fisher—said to be something of a wit—who was painted by Sir Joshua Reynolds, stayed in Carrington Street at some period of her career. At No. 2 Carrington Street was born another eighteenth-century charmer of character, Harriette Wilson, whose outspoken memoirs so agitated the fashionable world in 1825. "And did you once see Shelley plain?" in Aldford Street, where that somewhat uneasy household dwelt near the austerity of Grosvenor Chapel. "Becky Sharp's" little house can be identified in Curzon Street, on the south side towards Park Lane—four stories high, painted black, with one window only to each floor; easy, here, to imagine the comings and goings of the Rawdon Crawleys and their entourage, the dunning tradesmen, the dwindling household staff, and the clandestine visitors.

Shepherd's Market has been much photographed and described; any detailed mention of it here would, the writer feels, be superfluous. But one may recall the fact that it was in this network of little streets, courtyards, passages and archways that the roistering May Fair, which eventually gave the entire quarter its name, was originally held.

Vanished grandeur leaves nothing but a memory and a name in Devonshire House, where formerly stood Kent's wall-enclosed 1735 mansion, itself occupying the site of the earlier Berkeley House which had been destroyed by fire (the fine, wrought-iron gates of ducal Devonshire House were removed, when the present block of flats was built, to the Piccadilly railings enclosing the Green Park); in Chesterfield House, erected for the famous Lord Chesterfield of the Letters. The Lansdowne Club, however, still shows traces of its past as Lansdowne House in the typical Robert Adam façade and in some of the original rooms with their painted walls and ceilings, incorporated into the modern structure which encloses them; though the shaded, green lawns and carriage drive, the towering trees, have disappeared beneath the adjacent block of flats.

And so the scene varies—it may not be for years, it may, alas, be suddenly. Mayfair, a little down-at-heel, ghost-ridden and yet full of life and activity, retains its peculiar vitality and characteristic charm. Let us hope that, by the time this article appears in print, the dear and familiar Mayfair landmarks will have remained unchanged.

END

The fact that goods made of raw materials in short supply, owing to war conditions, are advertised in this journal should not be taken as an indication that they are necessarily available for export.

Good News for Women of Action

Special efforts that have been made to meet the growing demand for Tampax are now achieving success and retail supplies are increasing rapidly. Real good news for women, who are working harder than ever before and cannot afford 'off days.' Tampax (*worn internally*) gives them full freedom of action *all the time*. Safe, simple and convenient, Tampax alone has the patented stitching process which ensures instant and complete removal.

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double the life of your shoes

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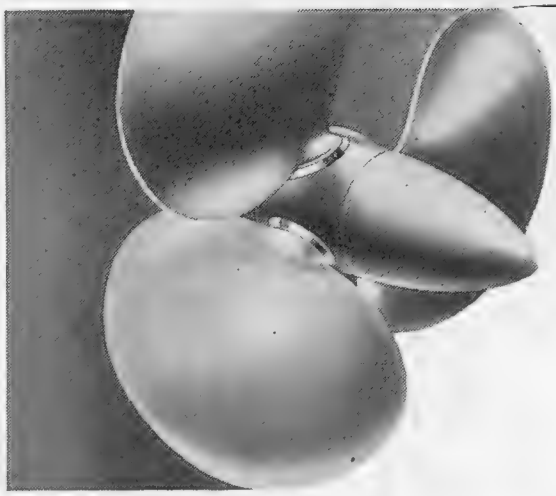

KODAK FILM is in the Shipyards
ensuring faultless construction

Detecting unseen flaws in steel construction work, revealing vibration stresses, and in many other critical ways, 'Kodak' Film helps war-time shipbuilding. The variable pitch principle of Rotol aircraft propellers has now been adapted to marine use, with the aid of vibration analyses recorded on 'Kodak' Film. Such vital work must come first—that's why you can't always get film.

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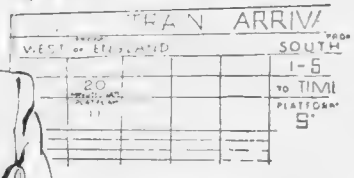
C.9E

The 10·20's late..



AFTER a separation of many months this first impression is important and you specially want to look beautiful. But 'leave' trains always seem to arrive last thing at night, after you've had a particularly tiring day; they're often unavoidably late, and stations can be draughty places to wait in. So this is quite definitely an occasion for Icilma Beauty Aids to add lustre and glamour to a weary face or disguise a cold, pinched look. Icilma Foundation Cream is wonderful for making skins softer, silkier, brighter, and for holding powder through many extra hours. And for dewy, morning freshness last thing at night use Icilma's exquisite Powder — and remember this film studio trick when applying it. When make-up men want to create an impression of age or tiredness they get the star to wrinkle up her eyes and then powder over the creased skin; when she relaxes there's a network of fine wrinkles. Many women do this unconsciously when powdering, so remember that *you* mustn't. Spread the skin with two fingers, as the make-up men do, while you press Icilma Powder gently in.

Icilma

FOUNDATION CREAM	FACE POWDER
3/6 2/2 10½d	2/2 10½d

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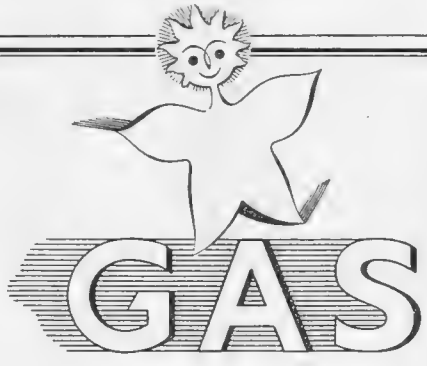
ICILMA CO. LTD., ISLEWORTH, MIDDLESEX



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Tried and true service
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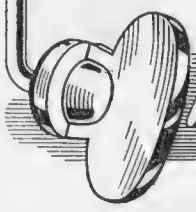
When Victory comes, gas and coke will serve our brighter world with new efficiency. Effort-saving, eye-level cookers, automatically controlled . . . silent refrigeration . . . gas and coke equipment for constant hot water . . . smokeless gas and coke fires for warmth. The Gas Industry, while serving the war effort, has planned for peace.



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THE BEST CIGARETTES IN THE WORLD

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For over half a century
STATE EXPRESS 555
have maintained their reputation
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4 out of 5 may get Gum Trouble

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Guard against—*Tender, Sore, Spongy and Bleeding Gums.* Dentists, for many years, have used Forhans Anti-pyorrhœa Astringent and reported completely satisfactory results. They also recommend Forhans Special Formula for the Gums Dentifrice for use at home. See your dentist regularly.

FOR FIRMER GUMS
★
CLEANER TEETH

Sky Duel

(*Continued from page* 32)

going to do. He realized despairingly that the C.O. would have practically no option but to court-martial him—and that would be the end of everything.

As the days went by, Paul and Sheila went around together in their off-duty times more and more. Several times Dickie started to write to her, but he never could get past the first line without tearing up the paper. Finally, late one evening, he summoned up courage to go round to Paul's room. He would ask him frankly just what he felt about Sheila; if he was really in love with her—well, he knew where he stood then at any rate.

The light was on in Paul's room, and Dickie barged in. Paul was bending over a small open case on the table, and as Dickie came in he jumped up and turned around, upsetting the chair on which he had been sitting.

Dickie grinned self-consciously. "Sorry to startle you, old chap——"

"What in the hell do you want?" Paul broke in harshly. Dickie noticed a strange look, almost of fear, in his eyes. He moved his body so that it came between Dickie and the case on the table.

"I know it's a bit late," Dickie went on, "but I just wanted to talk to you for a few minutes to try and get something off my mind. You see . . ."

He broke off. From the case on the table came a long string of Morse code, faint but clear.

"Why," said Dickie, "I never knew you were interested in radio." He moved over to the table. "Making a set or something?"

Paul forced a smile. "I'm just messing around, you know, seeing what I can pick up." He watched Dickie's face closely.

"That looks quite a set," Dickie said. "But—there's a transmitter key on it—and all the directions are in German! Why, you're sending——"

He looked up at Paul in amazement. The other man moved back to the wall, and there was an automatic in his hand.

"That was very very foolish of you, my friend," he said softly. "If you had been content to keep your nose out of that little case all would have been well. Now I shall be forced to shoot you."

"You're not Paul Ferrol! I knew it as soon as I saw you take that Spit off the ground. Paul never took off like that in his life!"

The other man bowed mockingly. "Very penetrating of you. No, I am not Paul Ferrol. Allow me to introduce myself—Oberleutenant Hans Resner of the greatest air force in the world—the Luftwaffe. Ferrol was shot down and captured, and as I bore a striking resemblance to him, the High Command thought it would be a good idea if I came over for a while to see how your stupid little Air Force was getting on. So I appropriated his papers and came over with that silly story that you all believed. Loss of memory—bah!

"Unfortunately," he went on, "you have blundered in here at a most critical period. I have repairs on this set which will take me until dawn to complete. Since your arrival, of course, my plans are altered—I shall return to France to-morrow. But in any case I shall have to inform the High Command of my arrival in a Spitfire, otherwise I should be shot down in an instant by our magnificent fighters."

Dickie couldn't think of anything to say, so he just made a rude noise. He was wondering furiously how he could raise the alarm, but was rather disconcerted by the automatic which pointed unwaveringly at his chest.

Resner motioned him on to the bed, at the opposite end of the room. He sat down at the table facing Dickie, and laid the pistol down close to his right hand.

"You will be very quiet, Randall," he said, "or I shall be compelled to shoot you now. So please do not do anything foolish. If you are reasonable I may tie you up before I go; on reflection that would be far quieter than shooting you."

AT six o'clock Resner gave a grunt of satisfaction, and started to test the radio. Dickie still had no idea of what he intended to do; he sat up on the bed, but at the first movement the pistol was in Resner's hand, pointing straight at his head. Dickie relaxed again.

The door was just opposite him—two yards away, but he would be a dead duck in the three or four seconds that it would take to reach the protection of the corridor; and there was not a single weapon or missile that he could reach. He shifted his head on the pillow, and that suddenly gave him the idea.

Resner got to the pistol just as the pillow, flung in a wide arc, hit him. The pistol slid out of his hand on to the floor. Dickie jumped on it and at the same time yelled at the top of his voice, then he received a stunning blow to the jaw. Falling, he still managed to keep on top of the pistol, and grabbing it fired it into the wall. He heard Resner swear, and the next moment the door crashed shut behind him.

Dickie picked himself up shakily. At least he was still in one piece. Some of the other pilots appeared, inquiring what all the noise was about. Dickie started to explain, and then suddenly realized that Resner would be making a dash for a Spitfire; that would be his only hope of escape now.

"Let me out of here!" he yelled. "I'll explain later."

Running down the perimeter track towards the dispersal bays, he heard the deep-throated roar of a Merlin engine as it was being revved up. He was almost up to it when it whirled round and taxied on to the runway, throwing a blinding stream of dust into his eyes. Dickie dashed along to the next machine, and was just fumbling with the starter button when Resner roared over his head.

Dickie gritted his teeth as the engine of his own machine roared into life. From now on this was a personal affair. He might be a bit stupid, but no German rat was going to pinch his girl, sock him on the jaw, and make him lose a night's sleep, and get away with it.

He was half-way to the coast when he caught up with the German pilot. Diving in on his stern from a little above him, he warmed his cannon with a short burst aimed deliberately high.

Resner turned and attacked head on, but he misjudged the distance at which he opened fire, and the flickering pencils of light from the tracer slipped harmlessly over Dickie's head. Again Dickie turned and attacked from astern, forcing Resner to turn towards him once more.

Then the German started to try and turn inside Dickie in order to get on his tail, but Resner, good as he was, found he was up against a man who knew to the last ounce what his machine was capable of.

Suddenly Resner went into a loop, rolling off the top to gain the advantage of height. A long jagged stream of tracer came ripping out from his cannon, but Dickie coolly side-slipped away from it, then the tracer ceased abruptly.

Dickie switched on his transmitter. "No more ammo. left, eh, Resner? How d'you feel now?" The only reply he received was a muttered curse.

Dickie climbed almost leisurely as Resner started to head for the coast again.

"I'm coming in, Resner!" he called.

Resner pulled his machine into a frantic turn, overbanked and lost height. Dickie was only fifty yards behind him now, still on his tail.

"Here it comes!" he called.

Then the German's nerve broke. "No, no!" he screamed over the radio. "I surrender, I surrender!"

"Okay," said Dickie grimly. "Fly back to the drome. If you try to bail out or start any other tricks I'll blow you to blazes."

And so the strange procession wended its way back to the airfield. When they arrived, Dickie called up on the radio and explained the position, asking

(*Continued on page* 61)

WOLSEY LIMITED LEICESTER

Only a few of each type of Shirtmaker can be made. Please do not insist on this particular model. See the rest.

SCENE: *The dining-room at Aunt Helen's.*

TIME: *Summer in peace time. Sunday morning.*

WAITING . . . . how much of our lives is spent in waiting; waiting perhaps for the news which the postman will bring tomorrow; waiting each winter for the miracle of spring-time; waiting with hope for a friend who is late; waiting to welcome a loved one's return.

And, like the people who live in them, there are rooms which sometimes seem to be waiting — waiting with a welcome look for the someone who is coming. You can see that look of friendly expectation in the dining-room on any Sunday at Aunt Helen's, especially when the dinner-table's laid. She takes such a pride in her few but precious pieces of silver. And by the snowy whiteness of her table-cloth — how beautifully white and inviting it looks! — any house-proud wife could tell at a glance that it must have had a rinse in Reckitt's Blue.

See how the old warming-pan in the hall beams benignly on the cheerful picture he reflects. He has a sunny smile for everyone, even on the dullest day, when he's had a touch of Brasso. Yes, bright places do make bright faces, and help so much to make the home "a dearer, sweeter spot than all the rest."

for a guard to meet Resner's machine.

Then he called Resner. "Okay, Oberleutenant, put your wheels and flaps down and land. And remember—I'm still behind you with four loaded cannon!"

Dickie waited until he saw a little knot of men surround the other's machine, then came in to land himself. As he lined himself up with the runway he pushed down the lever which controlled the undercarriage, then waited for the familiar dipping of the nose as the wheels were pulled down into the slipstream, but nothing happened. He opened up the throttle and went round the field again, diving the aircraft and then pulling it up steeply to try and unlock the wheels, but without success.

The C.O. walked over to the wreck just as Dickie stepped out.

"Sorry, sir," Dickie gulped, "but that time the wheels just wouldn't come down."

"I thought I told you not to leave the aerodrome," the C.O. said, looking very stern.

"Well, sir—in the circs. I thought——"

The C.O. smiled. "For heaven's sake, Randall, I can stand a lot, but the idea of your starting to think, frankly, horrifies me. Anyway, you've done a very good job of work there, and in the circumstances, I think it would only be fair to forget the other matter. Now, after the—er—excitement, I imagine you could do with some breakfast. Hop into my car and I'll run you up to the mess."

Dickie grinned his boyish grin and hopped into the car.

A very pale and determined-looking Sheila was waiting for Dickie in the mess dining-room. Dickie stopped when he saw her, and felt very hot about the neck.

"Dickie, my pet," she said very softly, "I've been a fool; not only a fool but a louse, and I want to ask you just to forgive me."

Dickie could never conceal emotions, and now his enormous beam stretched from ear to ear. He looked once at the dark eyes and the crispy curls and then put his arms round Sheila in a very unairmanlike manner.

"That," he said, "will be plenty of you." He suddenly felt very bold. "I'll forgive you on one condition."

Sheila looked away. "I've got the day off," she said.

"And I've had the licence for weeks," Dickie murmured.

END

Books

(*Continued from page* 41)

with the rather bohemian Stephanie; the other stayed secretly in London, when he should have been in America, because he had fallen madly in love with her. A domineering old mother, a scheming brother newly returned to England after twenty wastrel wander years, also cloud Letitia's sunshine. Not a tale for worldlings who read—as they eat—with gusto, but for those of literary taste who relish a subtle, mannered style, notably in dialogue.

How important is the start of a story! Miss Dorothy Van Doren's "Dacey Hamilton" (Melrose, 9s.) gets a flying one by barging into a New York newspaper office in the small hours of a cold night and demanding a job. She is the widow of an artist who preferred Honolulu. Married at fifteen, she is mother of five, though she looks little more than a kid herself. No, she's had no experience, but knows French, Hawaiian, a little Portuguese, and reads Greek. No wonder Urian Oakes, busy putting the paper to bed, is intrigued—to some purpose, as the story unfolds and the mystery haunting her unravels. These U.S. novelists have *something*. What is it, apart from gaiety, directness, a dialogue that *talks*? I am an uneconomic reviewer, always intending to taste, sample, skip, but getting caught up. This one caught and held. As a study of an unusual American family it is first-rate.

YOU'D hardly credit Hannibal Knott, rich old bachelor in Mr. Eden Phillpotts's "They Were Seven" (Hutchinson, 9s. 6d.). He declines his valet's offer to shave him by saying solemnly that instinct "has always created acute aversion from the thought of any other hand than my own applying a dangerous weapon to my earthly tabernacle." When his niece kisses him he says: "I have gone utterly unkissed for seventy-eight years, save for your dutiful osculations." *Phew!* This ponderous old chap has six nephews also, and all seven hope to benefit by his death, the sooner the better. In the end he is laid low by a poisoned banana, that fossil fruit Marie Lloyd used to jest about. Why and how makes an engaging mystery story with an ingenious ending.

Has it occurred to you that a rogue horse could be made as meek as a lamb by being given a tortoise to play with? That is one of the high spots in Mr. John Lindsey's "A Month in Summer" (Rich & Cowan, 8s. 6d.), a droll Irish story about horse copers, hard-up landlords, crazy inventors and explorers, and butlers on the make. There is a pleasant country background to the laughs, which prove that the stage Irishman need never die.

WHAT shall a girl do, married to a much older godfather who is going blind, and unable to have from him the child she intensely desires? Have one by the lover who adores her—and if so, secretly or openly? Ann's friend urges frank confession, pleading that lies and deceit bring only unhappiness, but Ann resolves on secrecy, a trip to the South of France, and then "adoption" of the child—only to discover, after her husband is found drowned, that he sensed the deception and would willingly have brought it up as his own. That is the theme of Miss Emmeline Morrison's "Return Journey" (Hutchinson, 8s. 6d.), a well-written story of heart-interest to women.

FOR thrills, horror, intrigue, Mr. Richard Grant's "Who Strikes by Night" (Stanley Paul, 8s. 6d.), a story hinging on a "double's" impersonation of a missing relative and a pacifist fanatic who signs himself "The Owl," warns bellicose politicians "They who take the sword shall perish by the sword," and runs a sinister organization to see that the threat, if ignored, is carried out. A young newsman, a Canadian girl, a Rumanian general, and a cracked anarchist are among those involved in a melodrama that waxes fast and furious.

HERE is a list of other books which will repay the attention of readers:—

"Lion's Crouch," written and illustrated by Alice Molony (Faber and Faber, 6s.). This story is about a farm in Cornwall and a dog called Happysnapper.

"Choose Your Kitchen," by Adie Ballantyne (Faber and Faber, 5s.). A most timely and useful little book.

"The Beginning was a Dutchman," by Isla Mitchell (Faber and Faber, 6s.). A strange adventure, which began with the purchase of a mysterious Dutch sailing boat, develops so naturally that it seems to be the kind that might wait round the corner for almost anybody.

"The Bayeux Tapestry," by Eric Maclagan (King Penguin Books, 2s.). Gives the complete story with numerous illustrations of the famous 800-year-old Bayeux tapestry.

"Crafts for Recreation," by Evadna K. Perry (Robert Hale, 12s. 6d.). This is the book for every woman who likes to do things with her hands: and what woman will not find a fascinating hobby among the exciting crafts covered here? Linoleum block printing, clay modelling and pottery, working with wood, book-making, using sheet cork, splattering, weaving, knitting, embroidery and modelling, metal foil. Appeals alike to the beginner as well as to the experienced worker.

END

The illustrations which accompanied the article "Weather and War Through the Centuries," by C. Fox Smith, which appeared in the September issue, were reproduced by permission of The Parker Gallery, 2 Albemarle Street, W.1.

Teach children
KERB DRILL

See that they always do it and set a good example by doing it yourself.

△

1 *At the Kerb* HALT
2 EYES RIGHT
3 EYES LEFT
then if the road is clear
4 QUICK MARCH

Don't rush
Cross in an orderly manner

I.

What's for pudding today?

In peace-time you could make the family's mouths water simply by opening a can of luscious DEL MONTE Peaches or perhaps DEL MONTE Pineapple, or any other of the host of delicious DEL MONTE varieties. *Now*, it's a matter of using what you have, in as many different ways as you can. Here's a recipe which can add to your menu something of that variety, that extra healthfulness and flavour which you had in DEL MONTE, and which you know you always can rely upon in DEL MONTE when these famous foods come back again :

UPSIDE DOWN PUDDING
(4-6 servings)

First, cream together 1 tablespoon each of sugar and margarine and line a deep oven dish with the mixture. Arrange stoned prunes or dates or apples peeled and cut into rings or dried apple rings, on the bottom and sides.

NOW MAKE THE BATTER : *2 oz. margarine, 2 oz. sugar, pinch of salt, 2 dried eggs, 5 oz. plain flour, 1 teaspoon baking-powder, 5 tablespoons water (chill off).* Cream margarine and sugar until very creamy. Add salt. Stir in the dried eggs (dry), and beat thoroughly. Add the flour and baking-powder (sifted twice) alternately with the water. Pour into the prepared dish and bake for 45-50 minutes in a moderate oven. Turn out and serve hot with custard sauce.

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Casual Cardigan *(Continued from page 42)*

2 patt. sts. inside the st.st. border on next and every 4th row until there are 61 sts. Now cast off 7 sts. at outside edge on every other row 6 times and continue the dec. at neck while casting off until there are 16 sts. Cast off. When there are 6 groups of 7 sts. cast off, the 16 st.st. should remain. Cast these off all at once

THE RIGHT FRONT

Cast on as left, but keep the st.st. border at opposite side and work buttonholes as follows : On a row starting at border, k. 16, cast off 6 sts. Work to end.

Next row.—Work up to casting off, turn, cast on 6 sts., turn, work to end.

Rep. this buttonhole every 2½ ins. until dec. at neck starts.

THE SLEEVES (2 alike)

Cast on 58 sts. Work st.st. for 18 rows. Change to the patt. and work 2 ins. Now m. 1 st. at beg. and end of every 4th row until there are 86 sts. Work straight until side seams are 18 ins. K. 2 tog. at beg. and end of every other row until there are 36 sts. Cast off.

THE BUTTONS

Cast on 15 sts. Work st.st. for 16 rows. Cast off.

THE POCKETS (2 alike)

Cast on 34 sts. Work st.st. and m. 1 st. at beg. and end of every other row until there are 52 sts. Now work the first and last 15 sts. always in st.st. and the centre 22 sts. in the rib patt. for 3 ins. of rib. Now change to all st.st. and k. 2 tog. at beg. and end of every other row until there are 34 sts. Cast off.

TO MAKE UP

Sew up side, sleeve and shoulder seams. Sew in sleeves. Hem the st.st. edges. Hem edges of pockets so that half the st.st. shows on the right side. Sew on buttons. Sew on pockets at edge of rib so that the st.st. borders are loose.

END

Slimming Sweater *(Continued from page 42)*

ending k. twice into last st. Then inc. at beg. of rows until there are 72 sts. After the 3 ins. straight, shape for waist and finish to correspond to other side.

THE YOKE FRONT

Cast on 3 sts. with No. 11 needles. Work k. 1, p. 1 rib and cast on 4 sts. at beg. of every row until there are 103 sts.

Work straight for 3 ins. Cast off 7 sts. at beg. of every row 8 times, leaving 47 sts. Cast off.

RIGHT BACK YOKE

Cast on 3 sts. Work k. 1, p. 1 rib and cast on 4 sts. at left edge of work at beg. of every other row until there are 23 sts. Work a buttonhole by knitting tog. the 3rd and 4th sts. from edge, w.fd., work to end. Continue casting on until there are 59 sts., repeating buttonhole every 1½ ins. Now work straight, repeating buttonholes until this half corresponds to back. Cast off 7 sts. at beg. of every other row 4 times. Cast off remaining sts. (The last buttonhole should come near top.)

Work **Left Back Yoke** the same, omitting buttonholes.

TO MAKE UP

Sew up the 4 bodice panels, seeing that each raised line meets its pair exactly and making a deep backstitched seam. Sew bodice down on to yoke. Tack front of neck in invisibly. Sew on button. Sew in sleeves. Hem lower edge to make a straight line.

END

The Turret *(Continued from page 19)*

to leave his post to pick up each charge and swing it into position himself and then go back to the breech and close it. Jones was angry. That was his job and no one else was going to do it for him. He lurched towards the next charge.

"All right, Lofty," he muttered. "All right—I'll fix the bleeding thing!"

The gun began to fire more rapidly and as he worked, Jones could feel his brain clearing and he became aware of three things : the heat and the smell and the jagged gash of torn steel in the deck under the breech of the left gun. The heat was all round him, closing in on him in suffocating waves and he realized that it was coming through the torn plating and that somewhere down below there must be a fire and that if it reached the magazine they would all be blown to glory. But he was not afraid. The fear seemed to belong to another age now, a time when he was much younger, many, many years ago. He didn't know what the new smell was at first and then he caught sight of the bodies lying beside the left gun with their clothing all burnt and charred, and he understood. He retched violently and the breechworker cursed him, but still he knew no fear. All he knew was that the right gun must go on firing because that was what they had been trained to do—to keep it firing.

"The second battleship has turned away—she is on fire aft and she is very low in the water!" The padre's voice sounded very odd, coming from the loudspeaker which dangled on two wires from the side of the turret. But there was a new note in it now; still not a note of excitement, for the padre could never become excited, but a note of victory.

Ordinary Seaman Jones heard it and suddenly he shouted at the top of his voice:

"Good old right gun—give them hell!"

He did not know that his shout was only a whisper nor that he had dropped the charge he was holding, nor that there was blood oozing through his overall from a wound in his side. He only knew that the deck was rising up to meet him, and then the blackness again and the silence.

The chief petty officer, who was also captain of the turret, sat beside a cot in the sick bay talking to Ordinary Seaman Jones.

"Lucky they got that fire out or we should all have copped it."

Jones propped himself up on his pillows and grinned.

"It wasn't 'alf 'ot, though," he said.

The Chief took a packet of cigarettes from his pocket.

"You allowed these?" he asked.

"No," said Ordinary Seaman Jones and took one.

He smoked in silence for a few minutes. He was remembering the turret and all that had happened in it.

"I was frightened," he said, suddenly. "At the beginning I was scared stiff."

"Yes, lad," he said, "I know you were. So was I—I was damned frightened in that old turret."

Jones was surprised. He had always thought of the Chief as being completely unmoved by any danger, no matter how great.

"What—you, Chief—you weren't frightened—you're pulling my leg—trying to cheer me up!"

"Not yesterday," he said. "About twenty-six years ago—same turret, same ship, same enemy—I was an ordinary seaman and I was bloody frightened."

Jones whistled through his teeth. His young face was puckered in amazement, his eyes staring.

"I was a loading number," said the Chief laconically. "Cordite."

"Strewth!" muttered Ordinary Seaman Jones. "Cor strike me pink. Strewth!"

He lapsed into dumbfounded silence.

"Same result, too," said the Chief. "Sort of links up, doesn't it? Now put out that cigarette and get some sleep before the doctor catches you."

END

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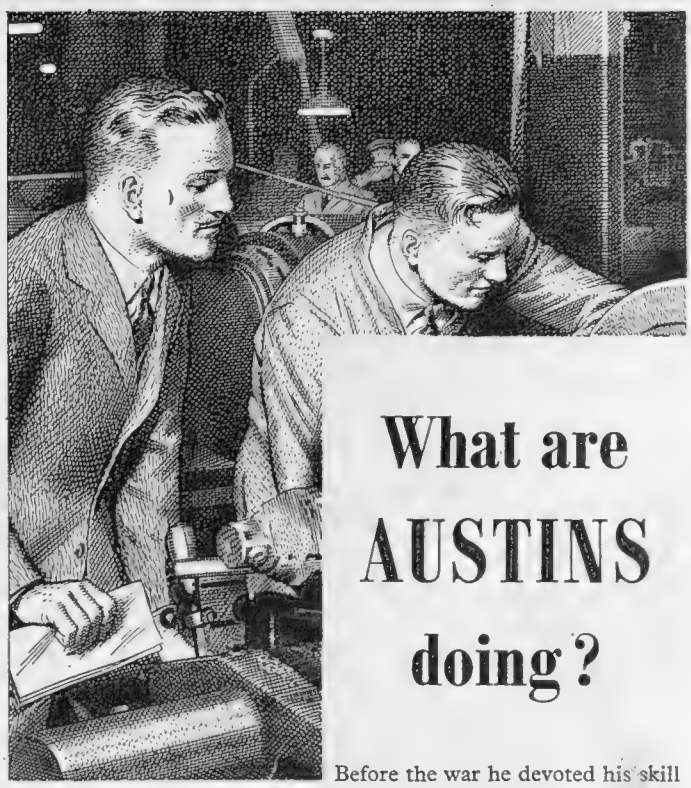

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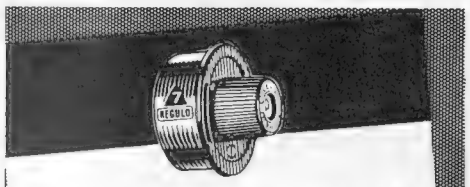

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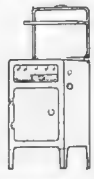

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On Duty—and Off

(*Continued from page* 33)

trouble, ask yourself whether your hair is to blame and, while you are dealing with your complexion problems, use a coco-nut oil shampoo for your hair.

3. Do you know that if you get into the habit of taking sleeping tablets your complexion is going to go from bad to worse?

The sleeping tablet complexion is easily recognized by red blotchy patches, hard spots which never come to a head and take a long time to subside, and by a slightly roughened surface of the skin and a sallow tinge.

All the good that is done by the best facials and expensive creams is undone at night by the sleeping tablet. An occasional sedative can be a godsend, but when it becomes a habit good looks are impossible.

ON DUTY

you will find that an emulsified coco-nut oil shampoo works wonders. Brush your hair up on end each day for a good five minutes and rub a tiny spot of brilliantine on the hairbrush first of all. Our wartime diet is inclined to be short of fats and the best way of making up the deficiency and getting your vitamin A is by taking halibut liver oil. The right time to take this is after each meal.

If you are in the Land Army you are sure to be getting plenty of fresh air and probably lots of good food, so if your skin is rough or dry it will be due to external conditions. The same creams and massage which are suitable for the group above will solve your problem also, in addition to which a good weather cream will help to protect you during the daytime and I know of an excellent one which costs 4s. 6d. You should, too, avoid washing the face with very hot or very cold water, tonics and astringents.

You must deal with the oily complexion by "combined operations." What you eat is more important to your complexion than the creams and lotions you apply. There is only one real skin food for the oily complexion and that is brewer's yeast. Your chemist may be able to provide this in tablet form or you can get it through one of the big breweries. Any one badly affected by dandruff as well as a greasy complexion should avoid all pork foods till the condition is quite cleared up. It is essential to get plenty of vegetables and salads, and above all to chew the food thoroughly and eat slowly. A weekly shampoo is usually necessary and one of the liquid shampoos is the best for lank and greasy hair. The best astringents and skin tonics for the greasy skin are sunlight, fresh air and plenty of cold water. It is a mistake to use very strong skin tonics or astringents as these are apt to irritate the skin. A face mask may help, but it should not be used more than once a week. I know a good one costing 1s. a packet. If you feel you must have a massage cream of some kind, then a lemon cold cream is the best. It should be wiped off thoroughly after use and the face rinsed with plenty of cold water.

END

Hostages of the Nazis

(*Continued from page* 13)

be his final answer to the Allied terms."

Other sources report that the Nazis will not hesitate in the last eventuality to order the suppression of hundreds of thousands of prisoners of war as well. And if you say: "Oh, but they'll never do that! Why, look at all the German prisoners we've got! Supposing we started rubbing them out by way of getting equal?" you are forgetting two things. The Germans know full well we'd do no such thing; and, secondly, they wouldn't care if we did, in their extremity. We must keep tabs on our German!

AT the head of Belgium's 10,000 "pivotal" hostages up till now deported to Germany are the king, his second wife, the Princess of Réthy, and four royal children. Only King Leopold's frail and ageing mother, the former Queen Elizabeth (Bavarian by birth), has been allowed to remain in Belgium. The rest of the family appears to have been taken to Weimar where Number One area for the really prominent has been fitted out. The list is composed of politicians, scientists, rectors and bishops, writers and "thinkers," and members of royal families.

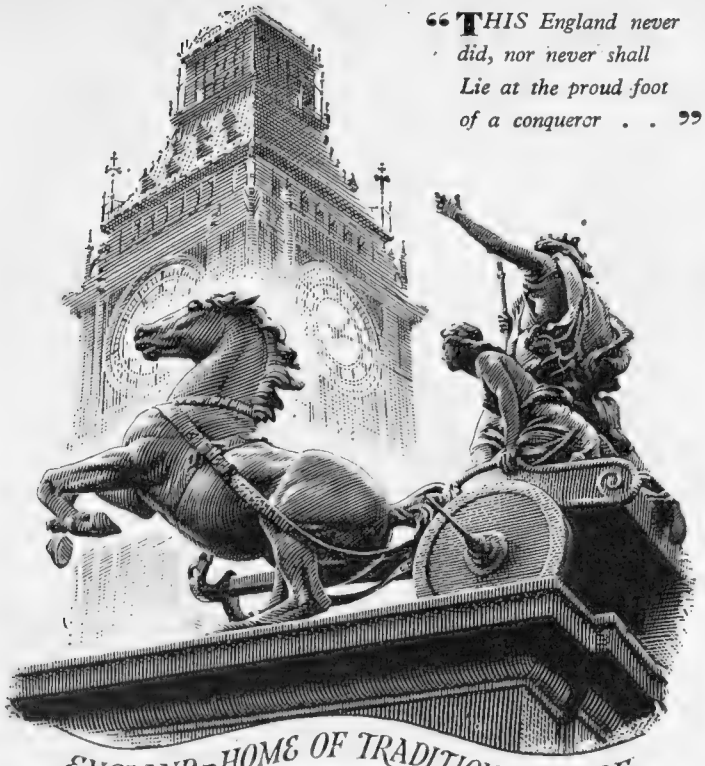
Hitler has been glancing round for stray royals, but most of them slipped through his fingers in 1940, at least the ones who would be most useful for his final hostage crime. Still, he has managed to collect a few, believing that monarchist governments will allow themselves to be drawn into concessions to secure their liberation. The taking of King Leopold, it was always thought, would be followed by the transfer of that second king who wouldn't knuckle under: Christian of Denmark. This might imply the deporting of a numerous royal house, with tentacles reaching to every remaining throne in Europe. Hitler would dearly have loved to lay hold of Victor Emmanuel and Umberto, but failing them he has made a sweep of the royal family of Aosta: the Dowager Duchess who was Anne de France, her sister-in-law, the present duchess, and the latter's one-year-old son. This infant is second in line of succession to the rickety Italian throne, coming after the boy Prince of Naples.

The leading religious hostage is Cardinal Hlond of Poland. The Bishops of Montauban and Clermont-Ferrand accompany him, together with several German ecclesiasts of high estate. But I doubt if even the Nazis will hurt religious high-ups, for reasons of post-war policy. In far more danger are the families of such successful thorns as Benes and de Gaulle, and of respected if maladjusted soldiers like Giraud.

The French will only gradually know who has been taken and it will be perhaps the longest list. The Germans like to mystify as much as possible, which is why they announce the death of a Herriot, only to deny it a few days later. No one can be sure who still survives of the celebrated quintet: Daladier, Blum, Weygand, Gamelin, Reynaud. To whom may be added Jouhaux, T.U.C. boss, and former Premier Albert Sarraut. But these are only the celebrities *known* to be held as hostages.

That there are no British or American hostages involved on a high or low level (save prisoners of war) should not cause us to imagine that this matter can be summarily dealt with by making Clause I of the cease-fire understanding a demand for the immediate handing over of all Allied nationals in German hands. For one thing, we know only too well from bitter experience how captives can be shot "while attempting to escape." But the point is that country after country may feel itself so severely hit as to demand that some form of approach be made to Germany with a view to securing the safe return of the "bargain hostages." A delicate problem may mature at the very outset of the new European settlement.

I write in the dark. Maybe Germany will cave in so thoroughly and completely that Allied armoured columns will be able to sweep in at lightning speed to the hostage camps. Maybe it will be possible to talk turkey with a Wehrmacht holding the upper hand over the S.S. But, if nothing else can be done to get these people of worth and distinction out of the murderous clutches of the Nazi gang, why on earth should we not denude Germany proportionately of just the same kind of men and women? Not for the purpose of liquidating them, but of banishing them from the life of to-morrow's extremely doubtful Germany?



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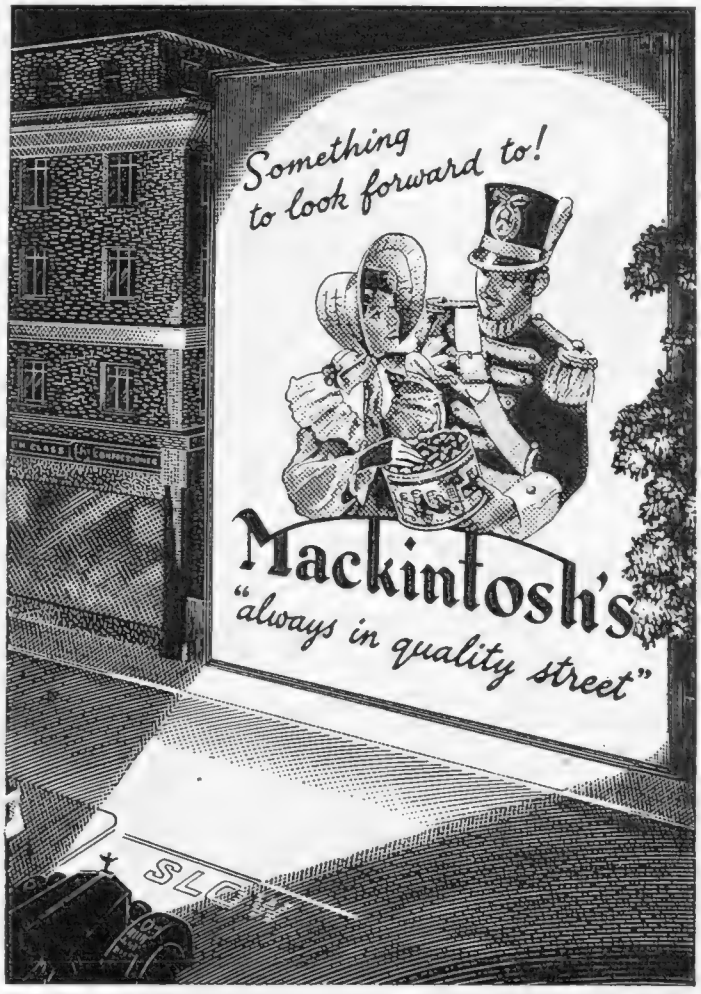

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Old Tales Re-told (*Continued from page 24*)

strange ceremony took place. Queen Geyra stepped on to the dais and started to loosen her hair. At the same time each male guest, commencing with the least important, was led by two women to the cushion placed before the dais, where, kneeling, he received from the queen as a gift an object taken from her headdress or attire. As she slowly divested herself she was loudly applauded, especially when she came down to the more intimate articles of apparel. Only when she was about to drop the last flimsy tunic did the bridegroom take his position on the cushion and receive in his arms the beautiful Geyra freed from all embellishments and trappings imposed by civilization. She offered herself to her husband in the same state in which Eve gave herself to Adam. In their primitive simplicity these Slavs of a thousand years ago observed a ritual undoubtedly inspired by a deep and sacred meaning.

Olaf, who had been instructed in his part of the ceremony, now took Geyra in his arms and carried her to an adjoining chamber, followed to the door by guests singing appropriate songs. From that moment Geyra was his lawful wife.

Thorkill and Riki, as well as all the other unmarried men of the company, were not slow in following their leader's example. None of them had expected their adventurous expedition in search of conquest and plunder to turn out like this, in peace, joy and nuptial bliss.

THE name of Queen Geyra's country was Wendland. It was surrounded by many other little states, each with its own king or chieftain. As frequently happens, each one was concerned only with its own affairs and its methods of defence from invaders, and cared nothing for its neighbours. To any prospective marauder this was an ideal state of affairs, for whenever they made their murderous raids in search of booty and slaves they never met any adequate force to oppose them. Olaf soon realized the folly of this selfish attitude on the part of the chieftains, and he left no stone unturned to unite them into a fighting body.

The worst of the raiders were the Germans. True to type they were insatiable and brutal. Other nationalities killed only when they encountered strong opposition. The Germans killed for the joy of it, and they destroyed whatever they could not carry away with them. For centuries these little states had been victimized, and it was high time for Olaf to organize a defensive army. Though it was difficult to bend these primitive people to his will, with the help of his comrades he finally succeeded in doing all he wanted.

Thorkill proved invaluable. He had grown to gigantic proportions and his mere presence inspired such awe that it was enough to quell disobedience. It was he who supervised the hundreds of artificers recruited to forge the weapons, string the bows and link the coats of mail. A thorough training was given to every young man fit to bear arms.

Several of the neighbouring states had, by now, thrown in their lot with Wendland and submitted to Olaf's direction.

Before long an opportunity presented itself for Olaf to prove how wise and timely had been his innovation.

A band of slave traders from Germany was approaching the frontier of Wendland. Used to easy victories, they came on like wolves. Olaf disposed his men in a semicircle well hidden behind shrubs and bushes. Each man had his orders and knew exactly what to do. Meanwhile, in order to lure the Huns to a strategic spot, some cows were put out as bait. Directly the enemy came close enough, a blast on the horn sounded as signal for the battle. Olaf, Thorkill and Riki were among the first out. Under furious blows the shields of the attackers splintered and Germans fell to right and left with severed limbs and broken skulls. Those who got away were pursued and killed, for the order had been to leave no single Hun alive. The annihilation of this band had taken less than an hour, and the losses sustained by the defenders were negligible.

This triumph was repeated. Other bands of marauders came to find out what had happened to their precursors, and none of them ever lived to tell the tale. This game went on until at last some sense began to trickle into the thick Teutonic skulls and they desisted from their efforts.

The Danes were also taught to keep away by the same methods, for they too had been accustomed to make periodical descents upon Wendland to replenish their slave markets.

For the first time, peace and security reigned over the regions beyond the Vistula.

Three years elapsed in perfect serenity. It looked as though Olaf and his followers had settled down for good in their adopted country.

Olaf grew more and more deeply in love with his wife and she with him. The births of a son and a daughter completed their domestic joy.

Their joint administration of public affairs had brought the country a prosperity never before achieved. It seemed as though nothing could ever mar the pleasant and satisfying life they had built for themselves. But fate interposed in a tragic way. At the height of one very hot summer a pestilence broke out in Wendland. It spread over the land with appalling rapidity. Not a farm or dwelling-house was spared from the scourge. Those who ran away in terror took the germs abroad, infecting others and increasing the mortality. The cataclysm struck alike at rich and poor. Olaf lost his wife and his two children. He was left dazed with grief, behaving almost like a madman. He kept trying to delude himself that it was not true. His happiness had lasted three years, too long for it to have been a mere dream; and if it was *not* a dream but reality, it could not possibly disappear like this. He thought that Geyra and the children would come back to him. When time brought him the calm resignation that is sadder than the torment of grief, he realized that his beautiful world had disappeared, that he had no longer any place in Wendland, and that he must leave it to find new surroundings, new lands in which to create a new life.

He sent a message to King Burislav, Geyra's father, informing him that he intended to abdicate in his favour. The old king came personally to bid farewell to his son-in-law, and as a token of esteem he gave him a large sum of money and many handsome presents. A few days later Olaf, Thorkill and Riki, together with such of their comrades as had survived the plague, loaded a vessel with their belongings and set sail for the new world they were seeking, and which lay somewhere beyond the straight blue line of the horizon.

(*To be concluded*)

Skye Folk (*Continued from page 25*)

ruby glow from the lighthouse guarding the narrow Kyle, and for the green and red lights of the high pier, where the *Loch Nevis* and the *Loch Mor*, in from the Outer Isles, tied up for the week-end on Saturday evenings—for John Knox's ghost stalked widely through the Western Isles, and men did not labour on the Sabbath. But inside it was warm and cosy, and the old man would be stretched out in the basket chair beside mine, toasting his stockinged feet at the red peats, his ruddy moustache rising and falling rhythmically with his regular snoring.

In his youth he had been the fastest shinty player in the Isle, and was reputed to run down the agile hill sheep without the help of dogs. He was still the hardest and most tireless worker of us all, but from day to day and year to year, his life centred entirely around his sheep. He never went beyond the marches of his nine thousand acres of hill grazing, and he was shy of the society of other Island men and women, though he would patter away in Gaelic for hours to some old crony gamekeeper or herd, with many sly chuckles at his witticisms. "Deek," he called me, as did the shepherds, not being accustomed to the short English "i." You can picture him standing on a hill in the grey light of early morning with his shepherds and his shaggy yellow collie, fore-and-aft deer stalker well back on his head and short *cromag* over his arm, while with one gnarled hand he shades his blue eyes, searching for sheep in the corries below. But when he had finished with sheep for the day, and on wet days and Sabbaths, he just slept.

At nine o'clock he would rouse himself and we would quaff our nightly draughts of milk, before he pattered upstairs to his bed, leaving me alone before the peats. But it would not be long before the door opened very softly and the grinning horse-toothed face of Donald peeked round. Then began my nightly ordeal of listening to him picking out on the piano with one finger the Gaelic melodies from my Hebridean song book. And what was more intolerable, he might labour for an hour at a time tapping out an air of his own over and over again, occasionally adding a new note, but never encompassing more than a dozen in all.

But I can well believe that Donald was the least musical man in the Island, for like all Celtic, and indeed all European people, whose natural artistry has not wilted away under the insidious soporifics of the Machine Age, every Skyeman I met sang, danced, or played by ear one or a number of musical instruments. Island men, leading lonely lives in isolated places, depended for their recreation on the natural arts of music and dance, song and story telling (which in its crudest form was plain gossip). Hospitality was therefore second nature to an Island dweller: for your inhospitable Islander would automatically deprive himself of these simple communal pleasures and be as restricted in his amusements as an anchorite. The ancient clan traditions not only strengthened this natural law of hospitality, but made of it a fetish, setting it above all other things, except religion, in the everyday life of the people of the Western Highlands and Islands.

From the very nature of his lonely background, the Western Islander was essentially a social-loving creature, making merry at every opportunity. Yet because he was always conscious of this loneliness and of his ceaseless struggle to wrest a living from nature—a hard task mistress in these northern latitudes—and because by reason of this loneliness he was deeply superstitious of natural phenomena, his ancient song-ballads were attuned to the sad and feckless calling of the untamed sea in all her changing moods, and to the keening of Ron Mor, the great grey seal of Rona, Sule Skerry and the Haskeirs, of Treshnish and the Summer Isles. At intervals a rough note, half a tone flat to the Saxon ear, set off the melancholy beauty of the lament. This, too, was the spirit of the pipes, with their strong semi-discordant skirling and the deep throbbing of the big drone, of the chanter and accordion. If there was not Celtic blood in your veins, or if you had not lived in lonely places in the mountains or by the sea, the music of the pipes bore no message for you; but in the hills their skirling fired your blood as no other music had power to do.

If you were to ask a Highlander to name his first love I doubt not that it would be the dancing, and a kilted Highlander dancing a Highland schottische was a fine sight. Step into any of those tiny village dance halls dotted about the Highlands and Islands and you will find old men of seventy and eighty swinging with the best in the quadrilles and waltzing with unflagging zest hour after hour.

END

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Britain's Biggest Job (*Continued from page 15*)

geologist, an economist, a sociologist, the city officials, and research experts of the Ministry of Town and Country Planning. This group worked eighteen months on what it called a "civic diagnosis." This emerged as a survey of every aspect of the city's life and activities.

There are ten sections and 150 maps. The whole story is there, from geological structure of the land as it relates to agriculture, the extractive industries, flood liability and housing suitability to underground piped services, zones of greatest traffic casualties, and local as compared with national importance of each industry.

It is like an X-ray photograph of a wounded athlete. The doctors can see what's right and what's wrong. They can see what to do. Whether the patient will stand the drastic treatment the doctors prescribe is another question. The cost factor is also something.

A like surveying job has been done by other cities, from blitzed Coventry, the picturesque old medieval market town through whose main street Lady Godiva once rode naked, and which the coming of the motor turned into a crowded centre of light industry, to the port city of Plymouth, whose comprehensive reconstruction plans fill a large bound and illustrated book which is already in its second printing.

That's the picture so far. Or rather, it's a series of pictures. All have yet to be meshed into a master plan. The outlines of the plan exist, but getting ministers to talk about that plan is like asking a general to talk about the European war plan before Roosevelt, Churchill and Stalin had met and settled sundry important details.

Some of the book-bound plans may not materialize exactly as text-described, illustrated, and mapped. Lord Mayor Lord Astor of Plymouth, for instance, doesn't agree with the Plymouth plan. And there's some trouble between London and London.

There are three Londons. One is the old city which housed the financial officers of Roman England eighteen centuries ago, and now contains on its 677 acres the headquarters of the chief banking, insurance and mercantile houses, and 11,000 residents. Another is the new City of Westminster, which contains the royal palaces, Parliament, Government offices, law courts, clubs, theatres, the richest residential quarters, and 130,000 people. And the third is the cluster of twenty-seven boroughs comprising Greater London, on whose 450,000 acres live 8,250,000 people.

The old City does not forget that it was practically a sovereign state in Saxon times, and that after the Battle of Hastings Duke William made a special treaty with it and granted it a charter assuring its immemorable privileges. It recalls, indeed, many things which the Planning Committee of the Royal Academy apparently forgot when it produced its artistic reconstruction plan for the "square mile." The City Corporation subsequently produced its own ideas in seventy pages of text, a stack of drawings, plans and perspectives, and a severe assault on the academicians by the City Engineer, Mr. F. J. Forty, who reminded lovers of the City Beautiful that that part of London which lies within the ancient boundaries is a great financial and commercial centre, and cannot be treated as a museum piece or as virgin ground on which the fanciful pencil of the planner can have free play.

The Port of London Authority, twenty-nine members administering the tidal portion of the Thames, and charged to administer, preserve and improve the port, likes neither the Academy's plan nor the official County of London plan, in so far as the latter proposes to clear wharves and warehouses from long stretches of the north and south banks of the Thames and make room for promenades and public spaces, a concert hall, youth centre, cafés, a bandstand, and a swimming pool. The Authority austerely points out that London is first and foremost a great seaport, handling annually sixty-two million tons of ships carrying forty-two million tons of stuff worth £600,000,000. London must be rebuilt as the centre of international trade, argues the Authority, or all plans for enhancing her beauty will remain disappointing dreams.

But who knows? The great tentative plan made by the County Architect, Mr. J. H. Forshaw, and Britain's leading city planner, Professor Patrick Abercrombie, frankly envisages fifty years of time for its full flowering. In that half-century so many things may happen—among them being new, stronger and cheaper construction materials, and the tremendous expansion of air traffic—that possibly the Thames will be roofed in over a large part of the wharf and warehouse areas, and the public amenities now planned for ground level moved sixty or a hundred feet up to roof-garden level.

The river is only a small segment of the London plan anyway, although the county planners indicate it as London's largest open space, and to help increase the capital's open spaces from the existing 8,000 to 14,000 acres, they rely on getting twelve instead of the existing four miles of the Thames banks made accessible to Londoners. Some large stretches of ground will become available when the main lines leading into London are electrified and the main London termini put underground and linked by a subterranean loop system; and more again when the major crossroads north-south and east-west are also put underground in the central sections.

The interesting part of the London plan—of most of the big city plans—is the resolute retreat from the modern metropolis back to the concept of the medieval city, where men could know one another and live satisfying lives.

Tottenham highlights the replanning technique which aims at escape from the great ant nest in which identity is lost. This urban district on the edge of North London holds some 200,000 people. The chief architect plans to reshape the city as fifteen communities radiating like spokes of a wheel from the hub of the town hall and other civic centres. Each community will be a self-contained unit of 10,000 to 12,000 persons—a little town with its own shopping, amusement and medical centres, and schools so located that children need not cross a main street coming or going.

With plans this size and range sprouting all over England, with every one from parish to county councils planning rebuilding, labour and materials emerge as a problem in more ways than one. If the job once got out of hand the country could run into the biggest boom ever, with the biggest slump ever on the other side. Half the mistakes and abuses of 150 years of the industrial revolution, which gave us slums, death-trap roads, derelict areas, ribbon development, and the etceteras, could be repeated more dangerously.

Four key men are keenly aware of this. One is our sage old friend, Lord Woolton, who, with a brain-truster team, handles Reconstruction, and sits with the Inner Cabinet. Another is the prematurely white-haired Mr. W. S. Morrison, M.P., who runs Town and Country Planning. A third is the Health Minister, Mr. Willink, M.P. And a fourth is Lord Portal, the shrewd millionaire banknote-paper manufacturer (and one of the "Churchill quartet," the other two being Beaverbrook and Bracken), who handles the Ministry of Works and Building. These are the Big Four of the rebuilding job.

They've done some basic planning of their own. As things go, they expect a two-year period after the fighting in Europe stops when neither men nor materials will be available in quantity. With the 350,000 building operatives immediately available, they can build 100,000 new houses in the first post-war year (this compares with under 400 built in the first year after the last war). The next year, it will be 200,000. January 1, 1947, should be D-Day for rebuilding. That year a real start should be made with the great ten-year programme, which calls for four million houses, and everything that goes with them, from drains to dustbins and radiators to roads.

Four million houses were built in the twenty years' gap between World Wars I and II. Most were slapped up in the building boom which started on the cheap-money-labour-materials tide of 1931, and was disastrously tailing-off by 1936. The 1947-57 building rate must be twice that of 1919-39. The pre-war building force was about a million men plus an unskilled casual-labour pool of 350,000. The planners intend to eliminate that casual labour and organize a permanent building army 1,250,000 strong. Seeking to raise standards, they have got an apprentice plan operating, with an annual intake rising from 4,000 to 10,000 and Service courses inaugurated to enable building men with the Forces to bring themselves up to date (building things have moved so fast that many are out of date).

Prefabricated, or unit houses, will find a place in the picture. Robert Tarran, the Hull construction man, owner of Britain's biggest woodworking plant, is in the van of that movement. I was looking over one of his unit houses the other day. It was a two-story dwelling, bigger than the Portal steel house, weight twenty-six tons, and cost per cubic foot, 1s. 10d., which is twenty-five per cent cheaper than the Portal steel house. It had been put up by eight men and four women in eight hours, but normal erection time is a week.

It might look as though the Government should go in for such houses in a big way, instead of filling the emergency two-year gap with a quarter-million Government-owned, ten-year-life steel houses, costing around £600 apiece. But if you were on the long-term planning end you would see snags.

For one thing, the steel houses can be turned out in the pressed-steel plants at the rate of 2,000 to 2,500 a week, and flying squads can erect them at speed. For another, the workers are there already, and turning them on to houses will cushion the war let-down in steel, save building labour at a time when it is scarce, and keep women workers earning wages when they may need them, pending their menfolk's return. For a third, the steel plants exist, whereas if you turned *en masse* to prefabricated houses in concrete and timber you'd force growth of a huge new competitive mass-production industry with a greater boom-slump potential than almost any other outside ship and locomotive building. Demand satisfied, the let-down in an enormously expanded mass-production industry would be terrific. Prefabrication will grow fast enough without a Government "blower" to force the pace.

The key men plan a stable building industry which to-morrow can take care of 3,000,000 of Britain's 13,500,000 insured workers—two men in building for every three in the ancillary trades. Constructing a stable industry that size is as big in its way as the rebuilding programme itself. But stability is the keynote. It is the yardstick the Big Four use to test all proposals, plans and policies. Seeing what has happened to Britain and the world through instability, it seems wise.

END

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